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A HOLDER OF COSTLY UNGUENT FOR TUTANKHAMEN: A "LION GARDANT" VASE.

Amongst the amazingly interesting and beautiful "finds" made in the Annexe of Tutankhamen's Tomb was this vase designed to hold costly oils or unguents. Discussing it with our representative, Mr. Howard Carter said: "One vase takes the shape of a mythical lion, standing upright in an aggressive attitude, which

reminds one of the 'lion gardant' in heraldry. His right fore-paw is clawing at the air in noble rage, while his left rests upon the symbol SA, meaning 'protection'; and fitted to the crown of the head of the lion is the 'neck-piece' of the vase in the form of a coronated lotus flower."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



New Treasures from Tutankhamen's Tomb.

THIRD SERIES—The Boy-King's Wine-Jars, "Dalmatics," Unguent-Vases; and Other "Finds."



IN our issues of July 6 and 20 we illustrated and described certain of the new treasures from Tutankhamen's Tomb, "finds" made in the Annexe by that famous Egyptologist, Mr. Howard Carter. In this number we print other remarkable photographs,

is far from what could be desired. They had been crumpled up and bundled into a box with a whole lot of ill-sorted objects. They have also suffered deterioration set up by damp due to infrequent saturations that occurred in the tomb during the long past; but, although they were thus treated and have fallen into decay, they still bear traces of their former splendour. In their pristine state, they must have been gorgeous pieces of colour. They take the form of a long, loose vestment, having richly ornamented tapestry-woven borders down both sides, and a broad hem of similarly woven decoration with fringes at the bottom. In addition to this ornamentation, one of them has auxiliary needlework of palmette pattern, desert flora, and animals over the broad hem at the bottom. The openings for the neck and at the chest are also adorned with woven pattern. One of the vestments, with field quite plain, has narrow sleeves like the tunic; the other, with the whole field woven with coloured rosettes as well as figures of flowers and cartouches across the chest, has a collar designed in the form of a hawk with outspread wings, and it also has a double titulary woven down the front.

"I cannot claim to be versed in the history of such garments, but from the fact that I discovered a fragment of a similar robe in the tomb of Thothmes IV., bearing the name Amenhetep II., it may be inferred that robes of this kind were customary apparel among the Pharaohs, perhaps on special occasions, such as religious rites, solemn consecration or coronation; and that they were robes symbolical of joy, very much as is the dalmatic placed upon a deacon when the officiating Bishop recites 'May the Lord clothe thee in the tunic of Joy and the garment of Rejoicing.' Moreover, these robes would seem to have had an origin similar to that of the Roman garment from which the liturgical vestment, the dalmatic, of the Christian Church derives. Vestments of the kind were in use in Egypt during the Egypto-Roman period (first to fourth centuries A.D.), and Professor Newberry has acquired a portion of such a garment, also of woven linen, dating from Arab times (Sultan Beybars; thirteenth century A.D.), which is almost identical in treatment of

design with the fragment of the robe of Amenhetep II. of the fourteenth century B.C.

"In much better preservation was the pair of the King's gloves, neatly folded, and also of tapestry-woven linen. They are woven with a brilliant scale pattern and wrist border of alternate lotus buds and flowers. These gloves are hemmed with plain linen; and have tape to fasten them at the wrist. Although their fabric was in a better condition than that of the dalmatics, it was, nevertheless, in a fragile and powdery state; but, thanks to Dr. Alexander Scott's good advice with regard to chemical treatment, both of the dalmatics were restored from their almost parlous condition, and one of

the gloves was successfully unfolded for exhibition. The sandals, which were probably intended to be worn with one of the robes," Mr. Carter proceeded, "are decorated with a kind of marquetry of coloured barks, green leather, and gold foil. The barks have not yet been identified, but they resemble cherry and silver-birch. The scheme of this bark ornamentation incorporates the traditional prisoners, or Northern and Southern foes of Egypt, upon whom the Pharaoh treads, crushing them in contempt. Tutankhamen's robes, his gloves, and his sandals are objects which bring that ephemeral Pharaoh nearer to us than any History, which is but a tale that is told.

"But, to return for a moment to the Annexe and its huddled contents so confusedly heaped together. Although its history has yet to be deciphered, there are points which are fairly clear to us. It is evident that when the metal-seekers made their first incursion they crept under the Thueris-couch in the Antechamber, forced their way through its sealed doorway, ransacked its contents for all portable metal objects, and, in consequence, caused a good deal of the disorder. Our researches proved, however, that those eager thieves were not alone responsible for the utter chaos such as we found in that chamber. It happened that another robbery took place: exactly when or by whom it would at present be difficult to say. The objective in this latter case was, without doubt, the costly oils and unguents contained in nearly forty alabaster jars that were stored on the floor of the chamber. This second theft had evidently been carefully thought out. The stone vessels were far too heavy and cumbersome to carry away bodily. The thieves came provided with more convenient receptacles—possibly leather bags, like water-skins—in which to carry away their spoil. We found not a stopper of a jar that had not been removed; there was not a vessel that had not been emptied; and, on the inner walls of some of the vessels which had contained viscous substances, the finger-marks of the thief who scooped out the precious unctuous material are as clear to-day as when the theft was perpetrated. Thus, the confusion and destruction were due in great part to this last robbery. These thieves ruthlessly threw the rest of the funerary paraphernalia, stacked on top of the stone vessels, from one side of the chamber to the other, helter-skelter, in order to reach their

(Continued on page 226.)



THE "LION GARDANT" UNGUENT-VASE FROM THE ANNEXE: A BACK VIEW.

This remarkable vase is described in the notes here printed, and also under our front-page photograph giving a front view of it. Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. (World Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

and we give here details of the treasures shown, as recounted to one of our representatives in the course of conversation. Discussing the objects, Mr. Carter said:

"In a somewhat crudely made wooden box, whose lid was missing, we found, crumpled together and stuffed on the top of an odd mixture of things, two gala robes, a pair of gloves, and a pair of sandals, which certainly did not belong to the box.

"Judging from the experience gleaned from the contents of the boxes found in the Antechamber, wearing apparel of this kind came from the better-made caskets, like the very fine ivory casket that had been cast in a corner at the northern end of this Annexe (published in *The Illustrated London News*, July 7, 1928); and the crudely made boxes, when originally deposited in the tomb, must have contained faience vases and similar miscellanea that were discovered scattered about this and other chambers. But, naturally, how much of this interpretation is fact, and how much the embellishment of hypothesis, it would be very difficult to prove; moreover, when dealing with a great mass of material so diverse in nature as that hoarded in this Annexe, I must plead forgiveness if from time to time I make a mistake. How dull an archaeologist's life would be if he didn't deduce, formulate conjectures, and fall into error!

"The two garments that I have been pleased to call gala robes recall official vestments of the character of priestly apparel—such as the dalmatic worn by deacons and bishops of the Christian Church, or by Kings and Emperors at coronation. Unfortunately, their condition—or, rather, their preservation—



THE FINGER-"PRINTS" OF A TOMB-THIEF WHO ENTERED THE ANNEXE TO STEAL THE COSTLY UNGUENTS AND OILS FROM THE JARS! THE MARKS LEFT BY THE ROBBER ON THE INNER SURFACE OF A VASE OF CRATER FORM.

The exterior of this vase is illustrated on page 195.

Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. (World Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

ROBBED BY THIEVES SEEKING FOR OILS AND UNGUENTS: FINE JARS.



BEARING THE
PRENOMEN
AND NOMEN
OF
THOTHMES III.
AND AN
INSCRIPTION
GIVING ITS
CAPACITY—
16 HINS
(7.760 LITRES)
OF FAT: AN
UNGUENT-JAR
OF
ARYBALOS SHAPE
FOUND IN THE
ANNEXE OF
TUTANKHAMEN'S
TOMB.

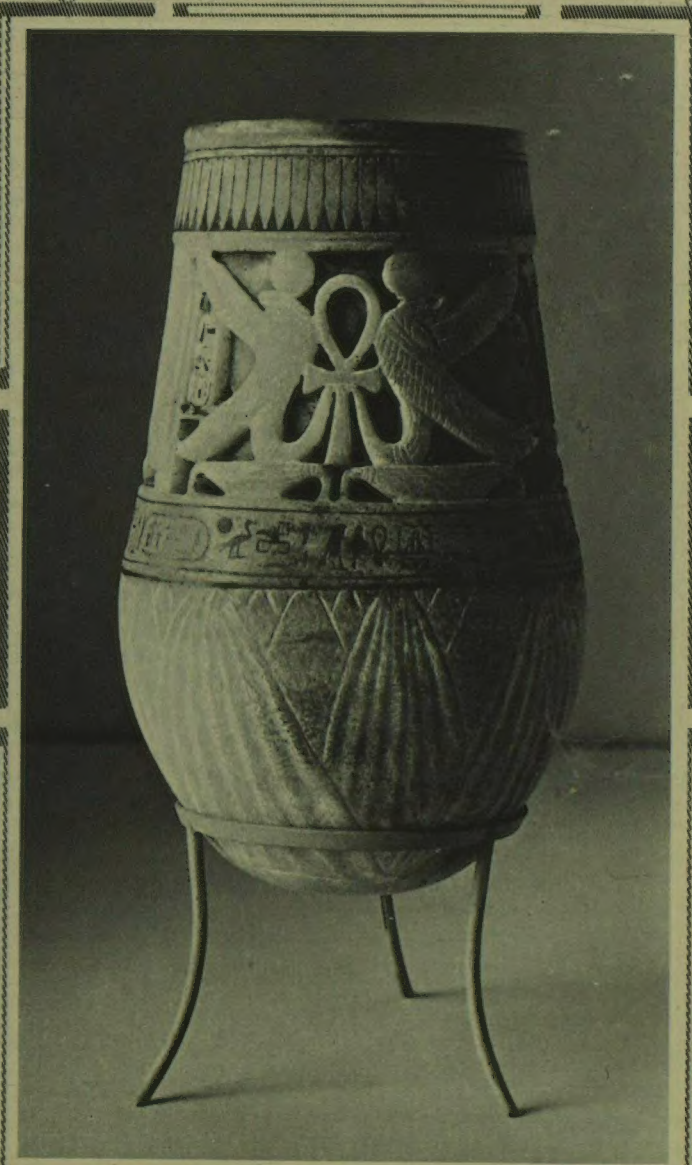


OF CRATER FORM AND UPON A TAZZA STAND: AN ALABASTER VASE BEAUTIFULLY CARVED WITH ORNAMENT AND AN INCISED INSCRIPTION COVERED WITH PIGMENT—ONE OF THE MANY REMARKABLE ALABASTER VESSELS FROM THE ANNEXE.



Concerning the alabaster vessels for oils and unguents, and so on, discovered in the Annexe, Mr. Carter informed our representative that he found in all some forty of these. Thieves had robbed them of all their precious contents, and in one of them were the finger-marks of the thief who had scooped out the unctuous material within. The jar of arybalos shape bears distinct traces of ancient breaks and repairs; and it is especially interesting as carrying back to the reign of Thothmes III. and, therefore, being much older than the burial of King Tutankhamen. With regard to the vase of amphora type which still contained some oil left by the thieves, it should be added that the oil had remained viscid beneath the hardened crust. The fats, unguents, and oils were evidently far more precious in Tutankhamen's day than they would be considered now.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MR. HARRY BURTON,
OF THE
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART,
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BEARING ON ITS INNER SURFACE FINGER-MARKS OF THE THIEF WHO SCRAPED OUT THE UNGUENT: A VASE, IN CRATER FORM, EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELABORATE OPEN-WORK ENVELOPE MADE OF SEMI-TRANSLUCENT CALCITE.

OF AMPHORA TYPE, AND WITH ITS ORIGINAL TAZZA, OR CIRCULAR SUPPORT—STANDING SOME THIRTY INCHES HIGH: AN ALABASTER VASE IN WHICH A SMALL QUANTITY OF OIL LEFT BY THE TOMB-THIEVES REMAINED.

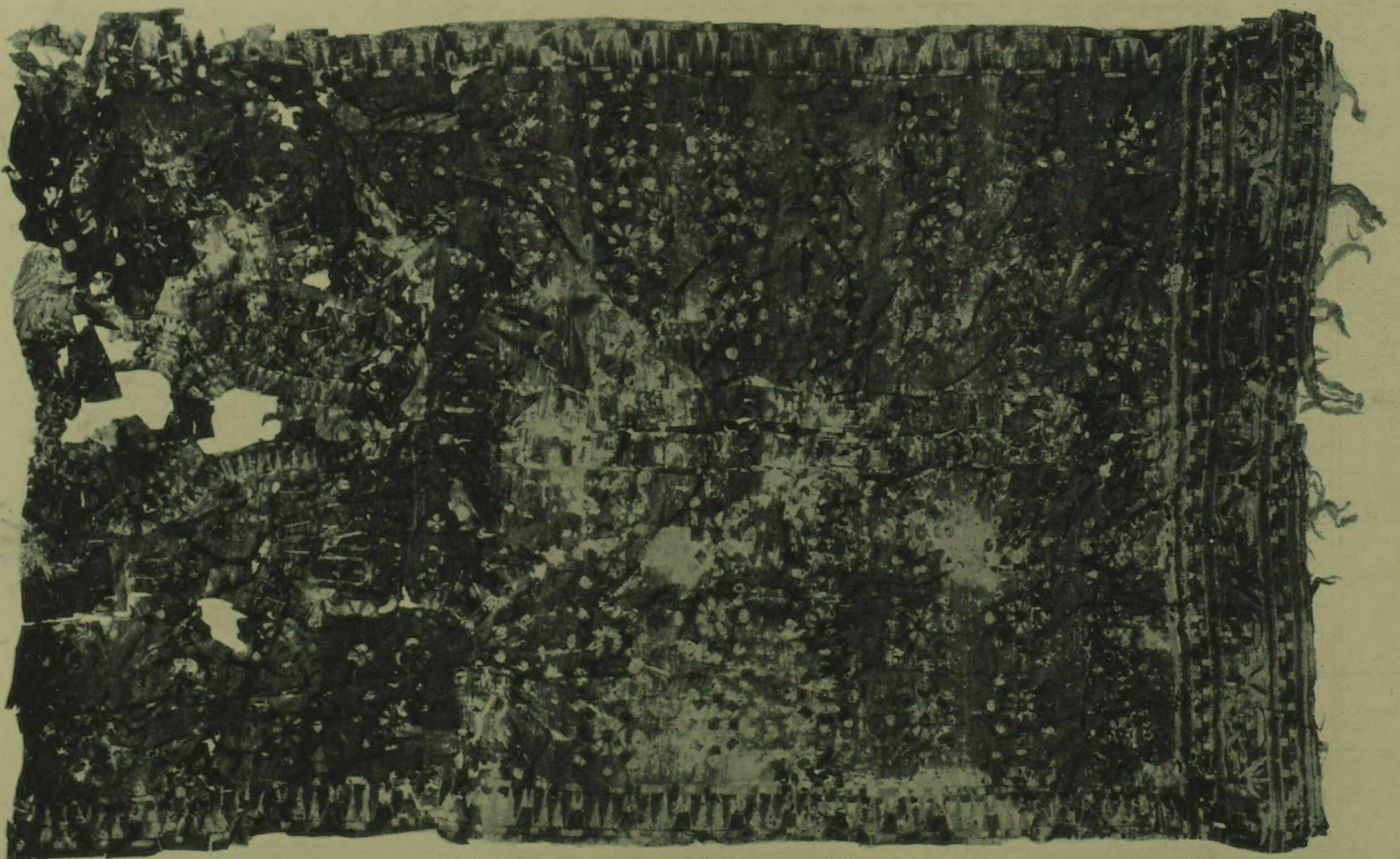
A BLEATING-IBEX VASE; AND A "GALA-ROBE": TUTANKHAMEN "FINDS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

The "bleating ibex" is one of the more remarkable of the vases for unguents or oils. With regard to the second of the photographs, it should be noted that, like the kindred "gala-robe" (reproduced opposite as a full page), it recalls an official vestment of the character of priestly apparel—such as the dalmatic worn by deacons and Bishops of the Christian Church, or by Kings and Emperors at Coronation. The whole field of this garment is woven with coloured rosettes as well as figures of flowers and cartouches across the chest, and it has a collar designed in the form of a hawk with outspread wings, and a double titulary woven down the front. As here shown, the neck is on the left of the photograph. Mr. Carter found a fragment of a similar robe in the tomb of Thothmes the Fourth, bearing the name of Amenhetep II., and he infers from this that robes of this kind were customary apparel among the Pharaohs, perhaps on special occasions, such as religious rites, solemn consecration, or coronation.



ONE OF THE VERY REMARKABLE VASES MADE TO HOLD OILS AND UNGUENTS SO PRECIOUS THAT THIEVES BROKE IN TO STEAL: A JAR IN THE FORM OF A BLEATING IBEX, FOUND IN THE ANNEXE.



A "GALA ROBE" SUGGESTING AN OFFICIAL VESTMENT OF THE CHARACTER OF PRIESTLY APPAREL: A LONG, LOOSE "VESTMENT," WITH THE WHOLE FIELD WOVEN AND A COLLAR (LEFT) IN THE FORM OF A HAWK WITH OUTSPREAD WINGS.

TUTANKHAMEN'S "DALMATIC": A VESTMENT-LIKE "GALA ROBE."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



POSSIBLY WORN ON SOLEMN OCCASIONS, AND SYMBOLICAL OF THE "TUNIC OF JOY AND THE GARMENT OF REJOICING": A "VESTMENT" FROM THE ANNEXE OF THE TOMB.

Of the two garments he calls gala robes (one reproduced here and one on the facing page), Mr. Howard Carter said: "The two garments that I have been pleased to call 'gala robes' recall official vestments of the character of priestly apparel, such as the dalmatic worn by deacons and Bishops of the Christian Church. . . . They take the form of a long loose vestment. . . . One of the vestments, with

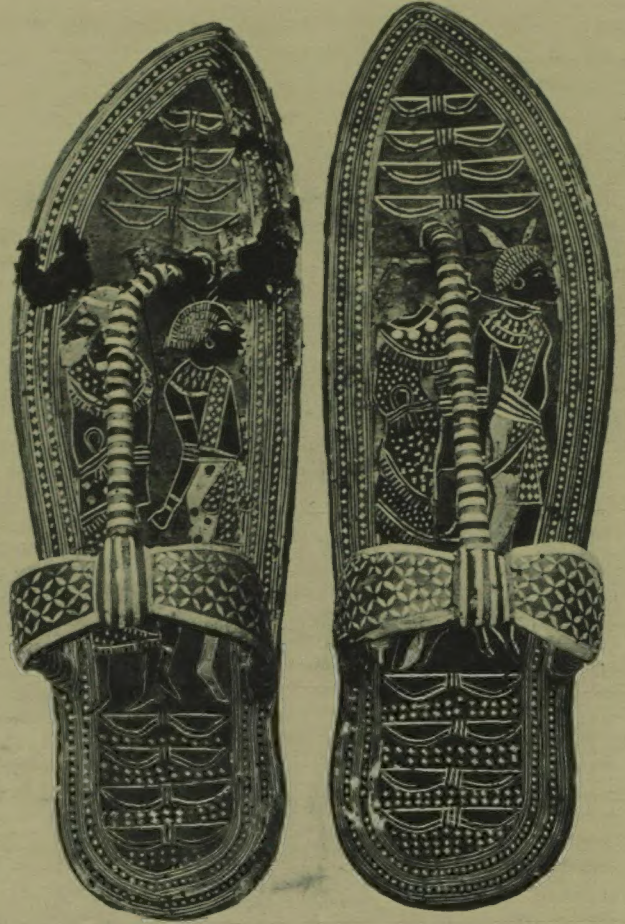
field quite plain, has narrow sleeves like the tunic. . . . It may be inferred that robes of this kind were customary apparel among the Pharaohs, perhaps on special occasions, and that they were robes symbolical of joy, very much as is the dalmatic placed upon a deacon when the officiating Bishop recites 'May the Lord clothe thee in the tunic of Joy and the garment of Rejoicing.'



**"CHATEAU"-
MARKED
WINE-JARS;
A GLOVE;
PRISONER
SANDALS.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MR. HARRY BURTON,
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WITH THE TAPE BY
WHICH IT
WAS FASTENED
AT THE WRIST:
ONE OF
TUTANKHAMEN'S
GLOVES OF
TAPESTRY-WOVEN
LINEN WITH
A BRILLIANT SCALE
PATTERN.



WITH BARK ORNAMENTATION SHOWING THE TRADITIONAL PRISONERS,
FOR THE PHARAOH TO TREAD UPON: A PAIR OF KING
TUTANKHAMEN'S SANDALS

The glove shown is one of a pair which were found neatly folded. They were very fragile, but one, as can be seen, was successfully treated and unfolded for exhibition. The sandals are decorated with a kind of marquetry of coloured barks, green leather, and gold foil. The wine-jars, which are fully discussed in the notes of our interview with Mr. Carter, show well how each bore a docket

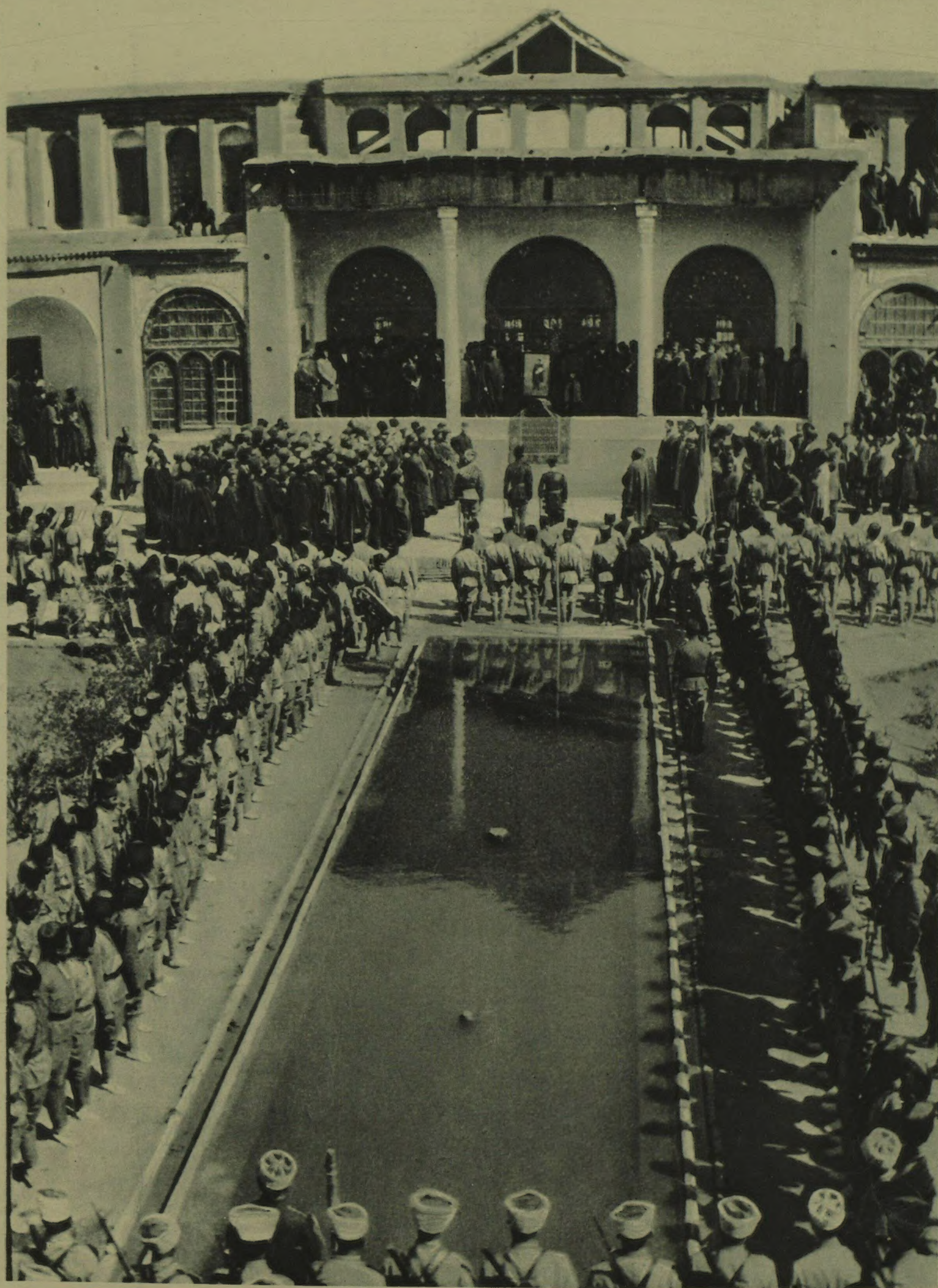
written in hieratic and giving the vineyards and vintages of the wines. "From these dockets," Mr. Carter said, "we learn that choice wines of the royal cellars came from the Aten, Amen, and Tutankhamen domains situated in the Delta. . . . Apparently, when the first fermentation was completed, the young wine was transferred to pottery jars, which were closed and sealed by means of a rush bung completely covered over with a clay or mud capsule that enveloped the whole of the mouth and neck of the jar. While these immense mud capsules were still soft they were impressed with the device of the domain to which the wine belonged."



JARS HAVING SEALS STAMPED WITH THE DEVICE OF THE DOMAIN FROM WHICH THE PARTICULAR WINES CAME: POTTERY AMPHORAE WHICH BEAR DOCKETS GIVING THE VINEYARDS AND VINTAGES OF THE WINES.

SHOWING THE CLAY CAPSULE, IMPRESSED WITH THE DEVICE OF THE DOMAIN FROM WHICH THE WINE CAME, WHICH COVERED THE NECK OF THE JAR AND THE RUSH BUNG WHICH CLOSED IT: A SEALED TOP OF AN AMPHORA.

ENCOURAGING LOYALTY TO THE SHAH: A CEREMONY OF PATRIOTISM.



THE ANNUAL UNVEILING OF PORTRAITS OF "HIS MOST EXALTED AND GENEROUS HIGHNESS RIZA SHAH, KING OF KINGS":
A PARADE OF PERSIAN TROOPS BEFORE THE PICTURE AT A GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

The Teheran correspondent of the "Times," writing in that paper the other day, said: "The present Government in Persia may be described as a kind of auto-cracy tempered with some Parliamentary institutions. . . . The chief power behind the Government is the Army—the new model Army created by the Shah himself, backed up by the police and gendarmerie—and the real control over the country is largely in the hands of two persons, the Shah himself and his Minister of the Court." That being so, and the difficulties of the Central Government being what they are, the ceremony here illustrated may well attract attention.

It is an annual affair, carried out in all the large centres in Persia. To quote our correspondent: "This photograph, taken with the sanction of the Governor of Kermanshah, shows a parade of the Shah's troops in the square of the local Governor's palace, when, with much pomp and ceremony, a portrait of the Shah is unveiled in the presence of the civil and military dignitaries of the town, loyal and patriotic speeches are made, and the portrait is saluted and cheered. A holiday is then proclaimed by decree of 'His Most Exalted and Generous Highness Riza Shah, King of Kings.'"



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE heard a great deal, for some time, about learning the lessons of the Great War. As in many such matters, a difficulty arose because we were not all schoolboys learning the same lesson, but, rather, all schoolmasters teaching totally different lessons. Some said that we must prevent anybody fighting by instantly fighting anybody who attempted to do anything. Some said we must express our hatred of Imperialism by turning the whole world into one huge Empire, more centralised, more organised, and probably more destructive of local liberties than any that had ever been known. Some said we must forgive our enemies and confine ourselves entirely to insulting our friends. Some seemed to think that we ought to be on friendly terms with everybody in the world except our next-door neighbours; and that we should celebrate the advent of the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World, by talking of the French exactly in the manner of Squire Western cursing kickshaws and wooden shoes. Some even said, and are now again quite calmly saying, that England is not a part of Europe. I cannot quite make out of what they think it is a part. But, so far as I can understand, it is one of the smaller States of the American Union.

The simple explanation seems to be that people are not now trying to learn the lessons, but to unlearn the lessons, of the War. The process that is going on is of the sort called a reaction, which is a very natural and sometimes excusable process. But it is not generally a rational process. It is simply an attempt to forget; and forgetting may be intelligible, but is not intelligent. England, in my own prejudiced and antiquarian view, is not a part of America, and is in almost all respects extraordinarily different from America. Perhaps nothing is so marked about it as the absence of the American vices—except, indeed, the absence of the American virtues. But in one respect, as it happens, England is rather like America; and I need not say that the Anglo-American enthusiasts have entirely missed it. What happened in America immediately after the war aroused indignant criticism in England; and it is exactly what is now happening in England. The Americans, being prompt and swift and sensitive, and a little feverish, felt the reaction immediately. The English, being slow and moody and good-natured and a little too easily led, felt the same reaction much more slowly. We were surprised that the Americans, who had invented the League of Nations, should abruptly and absolutely repudiate the League of Nations. We are not so surprised at ourselves when we, who destroyed our best men by the million to save the civilisation of Europe, suddenly begin to say that the civilisation of Europe is no affair of ours. If this is true, it certainly seems unfortunate that we did not discover the truth a little sooner.

Only it is not true. If we really start afresh on the supposition that it is true, we shall rush blindly into a much bigger calamity, and quite probably into

a much bigger war. Even in the case of a country as remote and self-contained as America, the conditions of modern life make such isolation impossible. But America could go on pretty much as it does even if it were absolutely isolated; if it were forgotten like Atlantis, and had to be discovered again a thousand years later. But it is nonsense to suppose that England can be forgotten. And only if England is forgotten can England safely forget. Our Empire, our most necessary and national communications, are entangled with others in every quarter of the world, and not least in the quarter called Europe. Does anybody in his senses suppose that Gibraltar and Cyprus and Malta and Gallipoli and the entry to Egypt will remain totally unaffected by whatever happens in Europe, by whatever nations rise or fall,

talk less about the Paris aeroplane getting quickly to London. But, to say the least of it, it has its serious side. In short, the New Imperialists cannot have it both ways. They cannot tell us every morning that we live in a world of flying thunderbolts, flashing to and fro between the ends of the earth; and then suddenly begin to talk as if we were safe in some quiet and secret place, a million miles from everywhere, where no foe could ever follow and no stranger come. There is a paradox in the old phrase about living on a desert island, since, if we live on it, it is no longer desert. Similarly, it would be delightful to be some colonising adventurer, sailing away to dwell in an undiscovered country; only that he would have to discover it in order to dwell in it. But England is not an undiscovered country. It has been

discovered several times—perhaps rather too often. And those who discovered it and laid its foundations were men from the mainland, of the same stock and spirit as all the white nations of Christendom; and we cannot make ourselves something alien without unmaking ourselves and all our great history. It is even more impossible in a moral than a material sense. The very things we are proud of are prizes in that tournament of the Seven Champions. If Caesar was not, we cease to be; if St. Augustine did not come to us, we are not ourselves; even if we hate our civilisation, we can only debase and not destroy it; and we cannot be barbarians if we try.

It would be indeed a tragic irony if the one moment when we were nearest to other nations was the moment when we were at war. It would indeed be a grim joke if we had to kill millions of men for five years to get our first and last glimpse of our own civilisation. But that, as matters stand, is uncommonly like the fact. Nobody during the war thought Russia was merely a wilderness, or Italy merely a picture-gallery, or France merely a holiday resort. We knew that men did not suffer what we were ourselves suffering, unless they had minds and souls to endure it. Some may think that we treated all Germans too indiscriminately as enemies—though, in fact, our most Jingo journalists rather overrated than underrated them as enemies. But

at least we knew that the enemies were existing and real people, and that they had an effect on the world and on ourselves. It will be a grotesque and miserable conclusion if we grow more provincial merely by being peaceful. There are only too many signs that nations are settling back into a spiritual isolation, which is, unfortunately, not the same as a political security. In fact, such an isolation is most insecure. There never was a time when there was more need for England to understand Europe; to understand the real meaning of the revival of Italy, the transformation of Russia, the great central religious quarrel in France, the growing promise of Spain. It would be a horrible thought, as I have said, that any men should want a war to enlighten them. But though it is hardly probable that any of us would pray for such enlightenment, it is only too probable that, if we blind ourselves to foreign facts, we shall be so enlightened.



HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT AND THE SUDAN FROM 1925 UNTIL RECENTLY: LORD LLOYD, WHOSE RESIGNATION WAS ANNOUNCED UNEXPECTEDLY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON JULY 24.

Lord Lloyd, whose resignation was announced unexpectedly by Mr. Arthur Henderson, and has resulted in acrimonious discussion, was formerly well known in the House as Mr. George Lloyd. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge, and, as a student of Eastern politics, travelled widely. He then became an Honorary Attaché to the Embassy at Constantinople. During the Great War, he served in Egypt, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, and the Hedjaz, and organised the Intelligence Department there. From 1918 until 1923, he was Governor of Bombay. He is forty-nine. In 1911, he married the Hon. Blanche Lascelles (formerly a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra), daughter of the Hon. Frederick C. Lascelles, second son of the fourth Earl of Harewood. He has one son.

by whatever new empires wax or wane? So far from this being more probable than in the time of St. Vincent or Trafalgar, it is very much less so. With modern conditions and communications, the headquarters of our system are necessarily much less inaccessible. Compared with modern England, the old England was almost as remote as America.

It is one of the many amusing cases in which the modern materialistic school contradicts itself. It is for ever boasting of the new mechanical communications and the close international connections. It seems to entertain the extraordinary idea that if an English aeroplane can get quickly to Paris it will improve the English understanding of the psychology of Parisians. It is doubtful; though some will blame the Parisian psychology, some the English understanding. But, anyhow, they talk a great deal about the English aeroplane getting quickly to Paris; they

THE FIRST CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT: THE BLÉRIOT ANNIVERSARY.



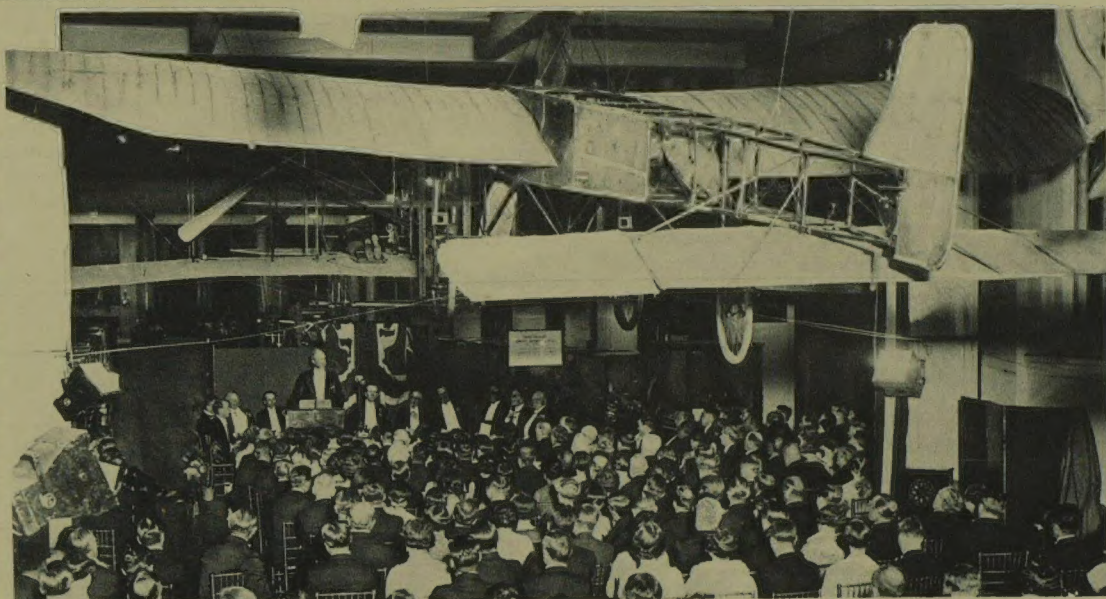
AT DOVER AFTER HIS HISTORIC FLIGHT ACROSS THE CHANNEL ON JULY 25, 1909: M. LOUIS BLÉRIOT—WITH MME. BLÉRIOT, WHO CROSSED IN A DESTROYER.



AS HE LANDED AT DOVER AFTER HIS HISTORIC CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT: M. BLÉRIOT IN 1909.



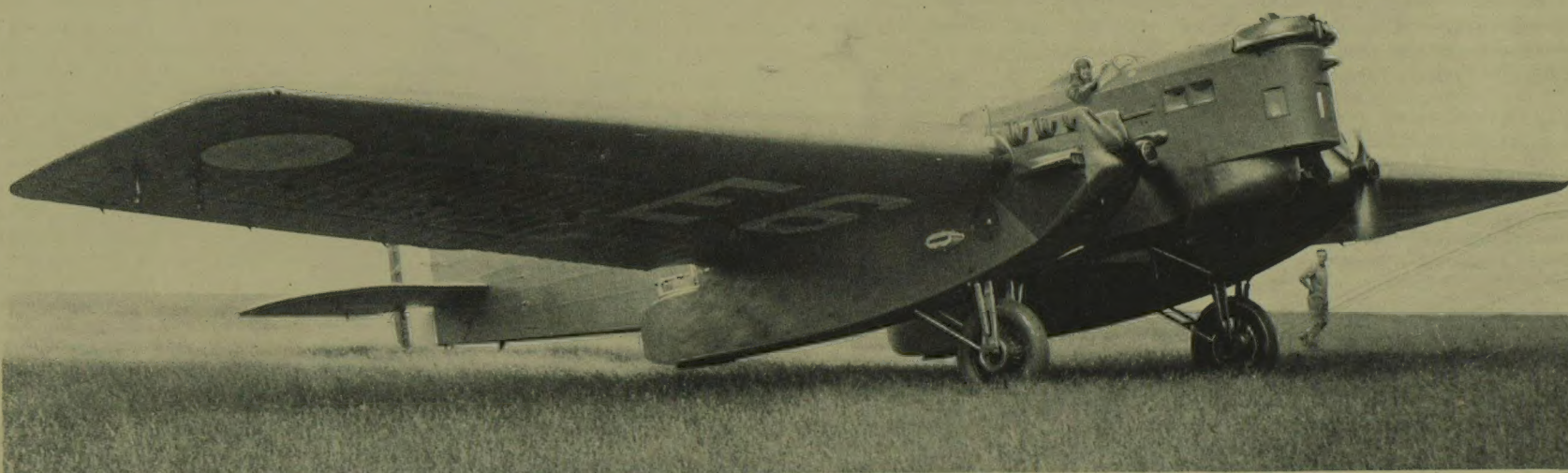
IN LONDON IN JULY, 1929: M. LOUIS BLÉRIOT (LEFT); MME. BLÉRIOT, WHO IS RECEIVING A PRESENTATION BROOCH; AND LORD THOMSON.



THE ROYAL AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY, AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOPLANE IN WHICH M. BLÉRIOT MADE THE FIRST CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT, A MACHINE THAT IS TO BE RETURNED TO FRANCE: THE SCENE DURING THE DELIVERY OF THE WILBUR WRIGHT MEMORIAL LECTURE.



M. BLÉRIOT HONOURED AT HIS BIRTHPLACE: THE MONUMENT AT CAMBRAI COMMEMORATING THE FIRST CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT.



M. BLÉRIOT'S FLYING VISIT TO ENGLAND IN ORDER TO SHARE IN THE BRITISH CELEBRATIONS OF HIS CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT OF JULY 25, 1909: THE FAMOUS AIRMAN IN THE MODERN BLÉRIOT IN WHICH HE CROSSED TO DOVER ON JULY 27.

Last week there were a number of celebrations in connection with the twentieth anniversary of the first flight across the Channel, which was made by M. Louis Blériot, on July 25, 1909. The airman then used a monoplane with a three-cylinder engine, and the crossing took thirty-three minutes, and, to say the least of it, was a hazardous enterprise. On July 27 last M. Blériot again flew across to Dover, but this time it was in one of his latest twin-engined monoplanes, with a total of 1000 horse-power, and the passage took twelve minutes. At Dover he received an official welcome, and inspected the commemoration stone marking

his landing of twenty years ago; he then flew on to Croydon. He was complimented by the Royal Air Force sending out an escort of nine aircraft to welcome him to England once more. In the evening there was a banquet at the Savoy. At this Lord Thomson, the Secretary of State for Air, presided. In the course of a speech, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, the Director of Civil Aviation, said that in the history of aviation M. Blériot stood out as one of the biggest of sportsmen. When he crossed the Channel in thirty-three minutes the engines of his aeroplane had never before run for thirty-three minutes!

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

AN "ALL-TALKING" MELODRAMA.

JOHN FORD'S production of the military melodrama which has been chosen for the first talking vehicle of the popular English actor, Victor McLaglen, is worthy of notice, not only for its entertainment value, but because it marks a

such as four officers able and willing to burst into song at the slightest provocation, seems to me to matter not at all. Nor need one stumble over the intrusion of the familiar American accent now and again. The main point is that here are movement and colour, fine staging and tremendously effective grouping, all

in the lurch. Naturally, the result is flatness and the triumph of the "talking" enthusiasts. But the fact of the matter is that the all-silent film still creates illusion. Look at "The Wonderful Lie" or "The Homecoming" or Cherry Kearton's latest "stalking-film," as somebody has aptly called it. None of these, even after a dose of sound-films, is crippled by the silent caption, because our imagination has been called into action from the very beginning and fulfils its task.

To my mind, the semi-talkie is an error even when the spoken word arrives at the dramatic climax, as in the case of "Kitty" and "Blackmail." But an absurdity, sometimes an insult to any intelligent film-goer, is the silent film re-issued with talking sequences. One such was privately shown recently. It was a film that has enjoyed a vogue of popularity, but has, I venture to think, had its day. It was supplied with a comedy prologue and epilogue, though the film itself is of a serious nature. The irrelevant head and tail, added without any justification to the main body, merely served to emphasise the unusually slow pace of the picture proper. The latter includes a court scene. I remember it as a rather strongly handled affair in its original form. Now it has been garbled, to permit the addition of audible dialogue, and, as the voices are nearly all "doubles," faces are rapidly flashed on and off the screen, whilst the voices continue to boom. This is absolutely unsatisfactory, and the film-goer should firmly refuse to pay for such warmed-up hashes of yesterday's mutton. The film trade introduced the talking picture because it felt the need of a new sensation.



THE UGLY-MAN HERO OF "BEAUTY" TRIES TO MAKE HIMSELF MORE ATTRACTIVE: BLAISE (CHARLES LAUGHTON) IN THE HANDS OF ROSE (DOROTHY DUNKELS).

"Beauty," a comedy by Michael Morton (from the French of Jacques Deval), was recently produced at the Strand Theatre. It deals with the romance of an ugly astronomer who falls in love with a beautiful widow. Blaise tries to improve his appearance by manicure and physical exercises; but in the end he wins his lady love in spite of his lack of good looks! Miss Isabel Jeans plays the part of the widow; and the scene, which is set in the astronomer's observatory, deserves special notice.

further stride in the adapting of undiluted screen-technique to the new medium of sound. Here is no stage-play brought bodily to the screen, and making the same appeal from the screen as from the stage. Here is no musical comedy in which the singers face their audience in duet or solo, oblivious of surroundings and without the faintest justification. Yet this is melodrama such as old Drury Lane might have dreamed of, and melody of some kind is scarcely ever absent. In other words, the film-makers—at least, a few of them—are beginning to take stock of the vast possibilities, the well-nigh unlimited scope, which have come to them with the perfecting of a momentous invention. To adhere closely to the stage formula—as does "The Desert Song," despite its interludes of galloping horse-men, and as does "The Trial of Mary Dugan," despite the elaboration of the crowd in court—is a mistake. It robs the screen of all the advantages it possesses over the stage, and has nothing to offer in compensation for the loss of flesh-and-blood actors. Men with vision and imagination are alive to the fact that the pictures must add sound to the rest of their assets, and not take it in exchange for their most valuable possessions—movement, vastness of horizon, scenic splendour. "King—of the Khyber Rifles" (New Gallery), is a very excellent example of pictorial drama enhanced by sound. Its story is of less importance, and does not, indeed, in its later chapters, rise above the conventional romance of holiday fiction. It is the treatment that matters; the exceptionally clever handling of sound that stirs the imagination and keeps us interested, even when weak patches occur and incredible situations arise.

"King—of the Khyber Rifles" tells a story of a stalwart Scottish officer who left England under a cloud on the eve of his regiment's departure for France. His mission was a secret one: therefore, the unfortunate King could do nothing to clear himself of the suspicion of cowardice. All this preliminary matter is set forth admirably, in scenes throbbing with life, vibrant with sound. That Mr. Ford has added decorative touches to the sober facts of life,

thrown into high relief, as it were, by a changeful background of sound. The *leit-motif* of King's story is picked out from a medley of minor chords. I am moved to admiration for Mr. John Ford's ingenuity in the matter of these minor chords. Once out in India, and plunged into the thick of an artificial drama supplied with the usual love-interest, there is still this fascinating accompaniment of sound to hold us in thrall—the distant love-song, the languorous lute, a great gong echoing down the rocky corridors of a mountain-pass, even a chorus of ravens croaking their raucous warning as King ventures into the domain of the rebellious hill-folk led by the lovely Yasmina, descendant of Alexander the Great. If I must confess that my interest in the mysterious Yasmina and my belief in King's sudden passion for the lady were alike weak, I will admit at the same time that the splendours of the vast caves in which the conflict comes to a head, the swirling mists of the Khyber Pass, the silhouettes of horsemen against a twilight sky—all the old glories of the silent film back once more, and reinforced with sound—broke down my critical defences. The stilted and unconvincing conversations, however, wherein an irritating deliberateness and a hopeless jumble of "thee's" and "thou's" are employed to convey

the native tongue, come as a cold douche, calculated to make the most unsophisticated film-goer aware of the unreality of all this hocus-pocus out in India. Mr. Ford should have remained true to his opening methods throughout. A word here, a word there, a snatch of song, the skirl of bagpipes or jingle of camel-bells, a brief bit of dialogue, terse and to the point, suddenly rising above the general level of sound—this is the best basis for the "all-talking" melodrama.

THE "SEMI-TALKIE."

The film-makers still persist in turning out that hybrid form of screen-play known as the semi-talkie. Even that gay and amusing affair at the Piccadilly Theatre, "The Glad Rag Doll," in which there are several exceptionally pleasant voices extremely well recorded, suddenly lapses into silence, for so little apparent reason that the instance is worth examining. The lively little heroine, a vaudeville show-girl who has the audacity to besiege a Philadelphian family of ancient descent, manages to arrive at an exclusive reception on the arm of the guest of honour. Her sudden appearance thus escorted has the effect of a bomb-shell. Surely, here, if ever, is the given moment for an audible announcement. But no, the whole episode subsides into captions. Thus the ear, keyed up to the spoken word, is suddenly put out of function, and our imagination, not in training for its work of supplying the necessary sound, leaves us



"BEAUTY" AND THE BEAST, AT THE STRAND: BLAISE (CHARLES LAUGHTON) AND ESTELLE (ISABEL JEANS).

But unless it means to give us the best that can be evolved out of the invention of sound-recording, the trade will kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

MAKING DRIVING RAIN, SPIDERS'-WEBS, AND "CLOSE-UPS": STUDIO SECRETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS.



AEROPLANE-ENGINES USED TO TURN FALLING WATER INTO DRIVING RAIN: THE MAKING OF A STORM-EFFECT FOR A FILM—WITH ARC LAMPS SOFTENING THE HARD SHADOWS CAUSED BY THE SUN.



A SPECIAL "RUN-ABOUT" TO ENABLE "CLOSE-UPS" OF A GAME OF FOOTBALL TO BE TAKEN FOR A FILM.

The tricks used by film photographers to obtain effects are many and ingenious, as most of our readers must be aware. Three of them are illustrated here. With regard to the large picture, it shows, as we have noted, aeroplane-engines being used to create "wind" and to transform water falling from sprays into the semblance of driving rain. The "head-shields" of the engineers should be noted. In such a scene, it is often necessary to soften the hard shadows caused by strong natural sunlight, and this is done by means of powerful arc lamps acting in opposition to the sun. The first of the smaller pictures shows a "run-about" used by a film director for following a game of football with the camera. The third photograph illustrates an ingenious way of making spiders'-webs for haunted houses and the like! To quote an official description of this particular photograph: "Motion-picture directors no longer wait for days for a spider to spin the webs they want to use in a movie. When the script of a film calls for a haunted house, he turns out a prop-boy to wield the newly invented 'mechanical spider.' Aileen Pringle is seen showing us how it can spin more webs in an hour than a thousand spiders could in a year. An electrical fan blows a stream of finely divided liquid rubber, which hardens as soon as it touches the air. Before this invention, the webs used were actually those of spiders or were spun by hand with the aid of mucilage."



MAKING SPIDERS'-WEBS FOR A FILM BY MEANS OF AN ELECTRIC APPARATUS THAT SPRAYS LIQUID RUBBER.

THE POPE OUTSIDE THE VATICAN: HIS HOLINESS IN THE EUCHARISTIC PROCESSION—A SEQUEL TO THE LATERAN TREATY.

A HISTORIC
HAPPENING:
THE PAPAL
PROCESSION
ROUND THE
PIAZZA DI SAN
PIETRO
ON JULY 25—
THE
FIRST OCCASION
ON WHICH A
ROMAN PONTIFF
HAS STEPPED
OUTSIDE
THE BASILICA
OF ST PETER'S
AND THE
WALLS OF THE
VATICAN
PALACE
SINCE 1870.



SHOWING THE ALTAR ON THE STEPS, WITH TAPESTRY AS A REREDOS: THE SCENE, OUTSIDE THE BASILICA AS THE PROCESSION MOVED TOWARDS THE PIAZZA DI SAN PIETRO ON THE OCCASION OF THE POPE LEAVING THE VATICAN FOR THE FIRST TIME.



OUTSIDE THE VATICAN, ALTHOUGH STILL WITHIN THE BOUNDARIES OF THE VATICAN CITY: HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, BORNE UPON A PODIUM REPRODUCING THAT DESIGNED FOR POPE ALEXANDER VII. DURING THE EUCHARISTIC PROCESSION ROUND THE PIAZZA DI SAN PIETRO, ROME.

July 25, 1929, is a historic date for Roman Catholics throughout the world, for on its evening a Roman Pontiff stepped outside the Basilica of St. Peter's and the walls of the Vatican Palace for the first time since 1870. The Pope has yet, however, to set foot beyond the boundaries of the Vatican City. On the occasion in question, when his Holiness participated in the Eucharistic procession, he was borne round the Piazza di San Pietro; and thus, thanks to the recent Lateran Treaty, he broke the tradition of the "Prisoner of the Vatican." The Piazza was guarded by the Italian authorities, and of this the "Times" correspondent said: "It was the first occasion upon which since the creation of modern Italy the armed forces of the Italian Crown were present to do honour to the Head of the Roman Catholic Church in person in full view of the Italian people." The spectacle was magnificent. An altar had been set on the steps of the Basilica, with a tapestry by way of reredos. The Pope was borne upon a podium carried by relays of Pontifical Grooms-in-Waiting; and it should be

noted that this podium is a replica of that which was designed by Bernini for Pope Alexander VII. Eight prelates of the Court of Segnatura held the baldachino. So lengthy was the procession and so slow its progress that, while the head of the procession emerged from the central doorway of St. Peter's at six o'clock, it was 7.30 before his Holiness came out of the Basilica, and another forty minutes before he was able to leave the podium. At the altar, his Holiness gave the Benediction to the kneeling crowd. It will be recalled that the Treaty of the Lateran was signed on February 11 by Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, and Signor Mussolini. One section of this noted: "The Italian State renounces to the Pope . . . sovereign jurisdiction over a determined territory to be known as 'The Vatican City.'" To which may be added the fact that the Vatican City was in a measure defined by the Pope when, in an address, he said that he had only asked "the minimum necessary for visible Temporal Power, and had no territorial ambitions."

NGAMILAND: A NEW EMPIRE GRANARY.

By Dr. WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Dr. William Macdonald, the writer of the article here printed, is well known as an authority on the Kalahari Desert, often called the "Great Thirst Land," to which he has devoted some five-and-twenty years of continuous study. Formerly, he was in the Transvaal and Union Departments of Agriculture, and he is the founder of a new system of dry-farming in South Africa. As our readers will note, he believes that the drying-up of the Kalahari Desert region means the agricultural salvation of South Africa—a view that is in direct opposition to that held by every other explorer and traveller who has explored the region during the last century. It should be added that the joint Rhodesian and Imperial Government Expedition, which is engaged at the present time in surveying the proposed railway route across the Kalahari Desert, is a pleasing indication of the practical interest that is now being taken in the potentialities of this little-known region.

THAT there should be increasing interest in the Kalahari Desert region is very gratifying to the writer, who has spent the past twenty-five years in the scientific study of this country, and I was glad when Captain the Hon. B. E. H. Clifford, leader of an Imperial Government expedition, described Ngamiland as the most beautiful country in Africa and as possessing valuable grazing districts.

The name Ngamiland, or more simply Ngami, is derived from the native word "Ngama," which means in the Makuba language a very large expanse of open water. It lies in the Northern Kalahari Desert region, and comes under the jurisdiction of the Imperial Government, while the Southern Kalahari Desert falls within the confines of the Union of South Africa. Ngamiland forms part of the Batawana Native Reserve situated in the north-western section of the Bechuanaland Protectorate. Maun, the chief village of this tribe, is the seat of the local administration. The natives in Bechuanaland number about 150,000, of whom some 18,000 inhabit the Batawana Reserve, and they own about 100,000 head of cattle.

The Delta in the Desert. The chief river of Ngamiland is the Okavango,

which for over a century has been forming a great delta in the centre of the desert. It would, indeed, be difficult in the whole of Africa to point to a more stupendous, almost thrilling, spectacle than that of a 1000-mile long and mighty river being conquered by the desert sand. And, stranger still, no one yet seems to have grasped the staggering potentialities of this gigantic fertilising stream, and its far-reaching capillaries, which, year after year, is forming a new agricultural world—another Egypt in southern Africa! Yet such is the plain fact.

From Fever Swamps to Park Lands. The course of the Okavango, from its source in the mountains

of Angola to Lake Ngami, is approximately 800 miles, but it formerly flowed into the Makalahari Salt Lake, and possibly southwards to the limestone pit at Taungs. . . . At last the once noble river, still pressing slowly forwards to Lake Ngami, is lost amid vast swamps and the primeval forests of the Okavango Basin, and finally lapped up by the burning sands of the "Great Thirst Land."

River into park-like and luxurious grass-lands. And so, by the steadily retreating waters of this great delta, which are sinking into the desert sand, there are being unveiled thousands of acres of fertile alluvial land suitable for all kinds of crops, such as cotton, tobacco, maize, wheat, monkey-nuts, fibre plants, and oil-seeds.

The Cotton Country of To-Morrow.

It has long been my opinion that the delta lands of the Okavango River, and the dried-up flood plains around Lake Ngami, could readily be transformed into the richest cotton-fields

neighbouring tribes. But for more than a century explorers and travellers have stated in the most doleful language that the drying-up of the desert swamps was creating a very serious outlook for the whole of South Africa. I disagree entirely with other scientists regarding this problem, and I consider it a lamentable thing that such erroneous and depressing doctrines should be sent out into the world. For the drying-up of the Kalahari Desert marks the

agricultural salvation of South Africa; since, among many other benefits, it means the lifting of the shroud of malaria fever before which medical science has stood almost impotent. In South Africa we have proved that dry farming, drainage, and land settlement are the prime factors in the elimination of Africa's greatest curse—malaria. The conquest of the Kalahari Desert will be accomplished by rapid-moving desert buses which will link together the most distant water-holes, and so remove one of the dangers of desert travel; and by means of the telephone, wireless, and the aeroplane, the desert settler can be kept in touch with the market centres, both local and oversea.

It is Not a Thirst Land. It is just twenty-one years

since Major E. J. Lugard, D.S.O., wrote in a *Kew Bulletin* as follows: "Inaccessible, the greater part uninhabited and uninhabitable, Ngamiland can never be a White Man's Country." In the light of present-day development, this statement is clearly absurd. Another investigator, Captain A. G. Stigand, I.S.O., in studying the drying-up of the swamp beds of Lake Ngami, has lamented that Ngamiland is rapidly becoming a "Thirst Land." But Stigand, not being an agricultural scientist, has missed the practical point of this desert picture. For it is evident that the heavy crops of grass, the desert shrubs and trees now growing luxuriantly on the flood plains, in a warm climate, are being nourished by moisture obtained from perennial underground streams as well as from the annual rainfall.

Restore the Moisture-Mantle. Moreover, there is no reason to believe that the

average annual rainfall of the Kalahari Desert region has diminished—if records are taken for, say, ten-year cycles instead of for single years of drought or floods. But for the past hundred years and more the desert moisture-mantle has been ruthlessly attacked and destroyed by man cutting down the splendid forest trees and by ceaseless bush and grass fires—with the result that surface evaporation is steadily increasing, and, at the same time, the former lakes and rivers are sinking underground. But this desert "mantle" can again be restored by means of our present quick-moving mechanical implements of tillage and transportation, as well as by deep-boring; and so the Kalahari region can be reclaimed and transformed into one of the finest farming and pastoral regions in the world.

It is also to be hoped that the wonderful river and island scenery in the delta of the Okavango will soon be thrown open to the tourist world by the Imperial Government. And in closing this brief article I must not omit to mention that the progress of Ngamiland has been greatly assisted by the practical and encouraging interest taken in this country by Lord Athlone, the Governor-General of South Africa.



THE DISTRICT DISCUSSED IN DR. MACDONALD'S ARTICLE: A MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE OKAVANGO RIVER, FROM ANGOLA TO LAKE NGAMI AND ITS DELTA.

The course of the Okavango, from its source in the mountains of Angola to Lake Ngami, is approximately eight hundred miles, but it formerly flowed into the Makalahari Salt Lake, and possibly south-eastwards to the limestone pit at Taungs. . . . At last the once noble river, still pressing slowly forwards to Lake Ngami, is lost amid vast swamps and the primeval forests of the Okavango Basin, and finally lapped up by the burning sands of the "Great Thirst Land."



MODERN TRAVEL IN THE KALAHARI DESERT: A SIX-WHEELED MOTOR-BUS WITH A PASSENGER-COMPARTMENT IN FRONT, AND, AT THE BACK, A PRODUCE-LORRY WITH NETTING FOR THE SAFE-TRANSPORT OF SHEEP.

These buses operate over more than one thousand miles of the South Kalahari Desert, and are to be placed on the old hunters' trails of Ngamiland.

of the British Empire. About eighty years ago, Livingstone, Oswell, and Murray, who together discovered Lake Ngami in 1849, spoke of two kinds of cotton grown by the natives in this region, which they made into cloth and dyed with indigo; while Chapman, who visited the lake a few years later, tells us about an indigenous short-stapled cotton converted by the natives into rugs, which they sold to

A THIRST LAND NO LONGER: THE BLOSSOMING OF THE KALAHARI.



THE PRE-MOTOR-BUS METHOD OF CROSSING WHAT WAS ONCE A DESERT LAKE WATERED BY THE RIVER SYSTEM OF THE OKAVANGO: TREKKING ACROSS A DESERT PAN IN THE NORTHERN KALAHARI.



WHERE NATURE IS CREATING A GREAT AND PRECIOUS AREA OF FERTILE AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL LAND: A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE WAY IN WHICH THE SWAMP COUNTRY IS DRYING-UP.



AT LAKE NGAMI: A DAMARA WOMAN AND CHILD.



AT ONE OF THE WATER-HOLES THAT ARE BEING LINKED UP BY DESERT MOTOR-BUSES: NATIVES WATERING CATTLE IN A DISTRICT RIPE FOR AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENT.



ESSENTIAL TO THE MOISTURE-MANTLE OF THE KALAHARI-REGION: A BAOBAB.



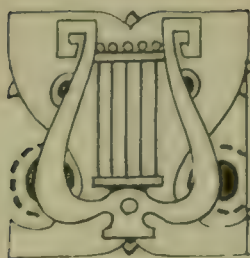
WHERE THE DRYING-UP OF THE LAKE'S MARGINS IS REVEALING A POTENTIAL COTTON-GROWING COUNTRY: THE LAKE RIVER ENTERING THE EAST END OF LAKE NGAMI.



A FERTILE FARMING AND STOCK REGION FORMED WITHIN FROM FIVE TO TEN YEARS IN NGAMILAND: DRIED-UP SWAMP COUNTRY TRANSFORMED INTO RICH GRASS-LAND.

In his article on the opposite page, Dr. Macdonald argues that the drying-up of the Kalahari Desert region means the agricultural salvation of South Africa; pointing out that the drying-up of the swamps of the delta of the Okavango River is revealing a rich and fertile region. With particular regard to the photographs given on this page, the following notes may be added: (1) The Northern Kalahari Desert region comes under the jurisdiction of the Imperial Government; while the Southern Kalahari Desert falls within the confines of the Union of South Africa. (4) The water-holes of the Kalahari Desert are being linked together

by rapid-moving desert motor-buses; and thus one of the dangers of desert travel is removed. (5) Thousands of these valuable trees, to say nothing of other forest trees, have been cut down within the past hundred years or more, with the result that the desert's "moisture-mantle" has been destroyed to a large extent, surface-evaporation increasing steadily, while former lakes and rivers are sinking underground. Bush and grass fires have also played their part in this. (7) This photograph illustrates particularly well the transformation of the dried-up swamp country into a grass-land and park-like zone within from five to ten years.



IN LIVERPOOL, "NORTH WALES": THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

By JOHN OWEN.



IT was Mr. Hilaire Belloc who told the charming story of the man he met when his yacht put in at Pwllheli harbour. "London," said the Welshman; "London will be very full to-day—a hundred and fifty went from Pwllheli this morning!"

Before the thought of this immense aggregate overwhelms us, we may remind ourselves that, so far as the human contribution made by the Principality goes, the resources of a smaller city than London are about to be still more severely taxed than were those of the capital! The Welsh National Eisteddfod is to be held in Liverpool this year—from Aug. 5. An Eisteddfod draws visitors from all corners of Wales, and not only from Wales; this year a party of a hundred has travelled from Australia; while other Celts are coming from Canada, South Africa, and the United States. The air is to be used by voyagers, as well as the sea, and human singing birds will descend from the skies to mingle their voices with those of songsters from the coal-pits!

Preparations for the national singing meeting are not accomplished in a day. A twelve-month before the holding of the Eisteddfod in the town selected by the Gorsedd of Bards, the meeting is Proclaimed. The ceremony is an old one. In the Gorsedd, or Druidical circle, the bards in their brilliant robes parade to the familiar "*Hen wlad Fy Nhadau*"; the call to the Cymric tribes is sounded; and, after some highly characteristic *penillion* singing (improvised songs to the music of the harp), the Eisteddfod is announced to take place on this spot in the following year. The last and most highly dramatic ceremony of the occasion is the Arch Druid's challenge: "Is it Peace?" The loud answering affirmative was not heard in 1915, nor in the following three years; for the challenge is no mere formality.

A year later the proclaimed Eisteddfod is duly carried out—just after the Proclamation, in some other selected city or town, of the following year's meeting. The Eisteddfod is held alternately in North Wales and in South. Liverpool is a place "within the meaning of the Act" as applied to North Wales. London may like to know that, for Eisteddfodic purposes, she is in South Wales—and by no means the most important city there!

The new chief of the Bards is the well-known Welsh poet "Pedrog," of Liverpool: his predecessor, "Elvet," is still happily a member of the Gorsedd, and is the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, bearer of one of the most distinguished names in the literature of Wales.

The Eisteddfod occupies the whole of the week; beginning with brass band competitions and various choir contests. The second day witnesses the Crowning of the Bard. The Wednesday sees the principal Choral Competition, to which immense importance is attached, and on the Thursday there takes place the Chairing of the Bard. It may astonish visitors, and especially any Republican-minded who may be among them, to know that a Crowned Bard is a lesser person than a Chaired one. The plump and gracious gentleman who takes the Chair at a political meeting is almost the least significant person present; but the Bard who takes the Chair is the hero of the day. His Chair is the emblem of his victory, and, until the great hour arrives, he does not even know that he is to take it. In no ceremony of the Eisteddfod is the Welsh sense of drama more visible than in the discovery of the winning Bard. All competing poets use *noms-de-guerre* the secret of identity is

kept even from the judges. They know that (say) "Snowdon" has won; but they know not whether "Snowdon" is the modish disguise of Rudyard Kipling, Osbert Sitwell, or Evan Evans from Fountain-Penmaenmawr.

The name is read out, and "Snowdon" is called on to reveal himself. With more or less modesty, he does so—whereupon he is inducted into the handsome piece of furniture which he has won; the Chairing Song is sung by some distinguished Welsh professional vocalist present to take part in one of the choral concerts; and for the brief period of the festival, that Bard is bathed in a glory that Shelley never knew.

On the days after the Bardic chairing the contests are mostly for choirs and orchestras. Always at these festivals the competitions between Male Voice Choirs produce some fine performances. All Welshmen sing—the habit is instinctive even in Welsh Prime Ministers—and the effect is generally charming, any lack of emotional subtlety in rendering classical pieces being made up by the natural beauty of the voice and the evidence of real absorption in the task set. So much for the music. But an Eisteddfod is very much more than a meeting of song. It provides an occasion by means of which Welshmen from all over the world are able not merely to meet one another, but to see and to hear their national heroes.



A STATUE MODEL THAT HAS LED TO CONSIDERABLE CONTROVERSY: THE SELECTED DESIGN FOR THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG—BY MR. A. F. HARDIMAN.

Mr. A. F. Hardiman, who is here seen with his model, has been successful in the competition for the Earl Haig Memorial statue. He is thirty-eight, and he won the Rome Sculpture Scholarship nine years ago. His "Athlete" attracted much attention at the Venice Exhibition last year, where it was shown in the British Pavilion. His Haig Memorial model has come in for a good deal of criticism; more especially so far as the horse is concerned. The statue will be erected on a site in the centre of Whitehall, opposite the Scottish Office (Dover House). With Mr. Hardiman, as architect, will be associated Mr. S. Rowland Pierce, another Rome Scholar. It is probable that the Memorial will not be completed for three years.

Mr. Lloyd George has never neglected the Eisteddfod. The National Eisteddfod is merely the largest held in Wales: there are many such, some on a minor scale enough. A small singing meeting is held every Christmas at Llanystymdwy, and the Chairman is nearly always the most celebrated of Welsh statesmen, if Mr. J. H. Thomas will allow that attribution to go elsewhere than to himself to-day. Mr. Lloyd George is an annual feature of the National Eisteddfod. And he does more than appear himself—he brings others: if the Welsh public sees the Chair, it sees also the Front Bench. Mr. Baldwin made an appearance last summer, and Mr. Snowden—with a name so pleasantly suggestive of the largest of Mr. George's little hills—is due this year. Every leader, whether of Conservatives, Liberals, or Labour, has been welcomed in turn. Welshmen have listened to Gladstone and to Balfour. If Mr. Lloyd George has given them aspirations, Mr. J. H. Thomas has not refused to spend on

them his breezy oratory—and, when the naturally solemn temperament of the nation was ready to turn, as it habitually does, to thoughts of funerals, Mr. Churchill did not refuse it enjoyment of the gentle comedy which his head-gear seems always to provide. A man who attends regularly the National Eisteddfod of Wales must be familiar with the face of everybody whose name is ever



likely to be reported in the first person. But eminent politicians are not the only celebrities who find themselves welcomed to the platform of the National Eisteddfod. Opportunity is provided for deserving merit in every walk of life. Wales has an Archbishop: when he was a mere Bishop and when Mr. Lloyd George was his determined and embittered opponent, both he and his political enemy appeared at the Eisteddfod (incidentally, Mr. Lloyd George was his guest for the occasion).

But space is allotted to Bishops who have no claim whatever to be Welshmen. Lord Mayors are not refused a seat, and every consideration is vouchsafed to persons of title who have associations with the neighbourhood in which the Eisteddfod is held.

An Eisteddfod affords a good opportunity for any Englishman who has a wish to study Welsh life and character. Such study is not as simple as it looks. The Welsh temperament is elusive: it has escaped a good many students. The stranger with the clearest knowledge of the type, as well as with the most real sympathy, is still the great Englishman who wrote "Wild Wales." Borrow knew more about the Welsh Bards than the Welsh people knew, and he was not above telling them so when the occasion offered. If shadows could flit across the Eisteddfod platform and be recognised, the tall and noble shadow of George Borrow would certainly earn the warmest cheer. But other Englishmen have done their little best to understand; and one of the most attractive figures that ever stood on an Eisteddfod platform was a late Bishop of the diocese which is now to be invaded by the Welsh. Looking down upon the throng of Celts, he told them that he knew little of their country, but that he held ever in his mind the magic prophecy of Taliessin—the truth of which every new Eisteddfod only affirms—

Their God they shall serve, their language they shall keep, their land they shall lose, except Wild Wales.

THE SERIOUS EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND: DAMAGE DONE IN SOUTH ISLAND.



A BUILDING THAT SUFFERED MUCH: THE BOYS' COLLEGE AT NELSON BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.



THE BOYS' COLLEGE AT NELSON AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE WRECKED CLOCK-TOWER AND OTHER DAMAGE.



SHOWING THE CLOCK THAT STOPPED AT 10.20, THE MOMENT OF THE DISASTER: THE TOWER OF NELSON BOYS' COLLEGE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.



AT WESTPORT, WHICH WAS ISOLATED AND TO WHICH RELIEF AEROPLANES WERE DESPATCHED: THE MAIN STREET AS IT WAS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.



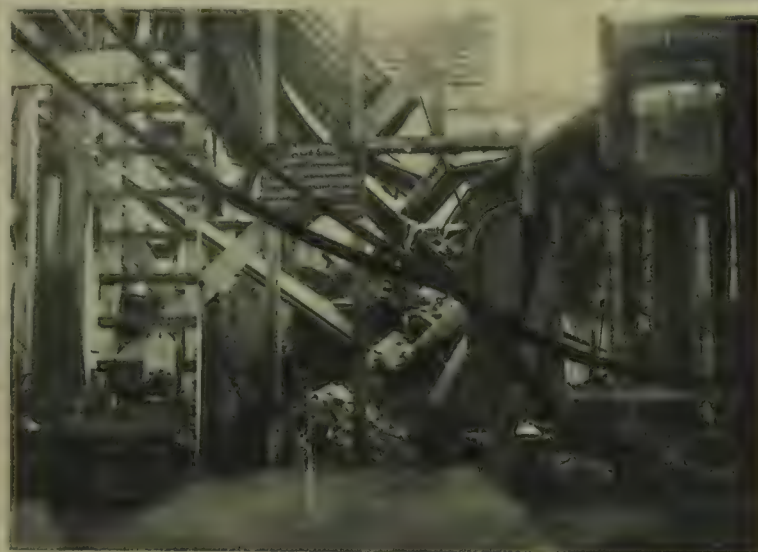
A CURIOUS FREAK OF THE DISASTER: CHIMNEYS IN WESTPORT NEATLY SNAPPED OFF AND LEFT FLAT ON A ROOF.



DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR: THE WESTPORT POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE, MUCH OF WHICH COLLAPSED UNDER THE SEVERITY OF THE SHOCK.



THE EARTH OPENS: GREAT FISSURES IN THE MAIN ROAD OUTSIDE WESTPORT, SOUTH ISLAND.

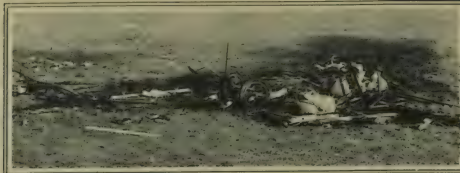


A TANGLE OF MATERIAL AND MACHINERY: THE WRECKED ENGINE-ROOM OF A FACTORY IN WESTPORT.

A telegram from Wellington on June 17 announced that a severe earthquake had taken place, beginning at 10.20 that morning, and that it had been felt throughout New Zealand. It did most damage in the Nelson and Westport Provinces, in South

Island. The first shock was followed by lesser shocks, but, luckily, these soon ceased. For all that, the earthquake was the worst since the big Wellington shock of 1855. A number of people were killed at Murchison, where a hillside slid half a mile across a valley and overwhelmed a house. Greymouth had scarcely a building undamaged; and Westport looked as though it had been shelled. As our photographs show, the tower of Nelson Boys' College collapsed, and the walls were damaged. Help was not long in coming, and to Westport, in particular, which was isolated, relief aeroplanes were despatched. The number of deaths is said to have been fifteen.

THE EXTENSIVE VIEW—MANKIND FROM BRITAIN TO MOSCOW.



THE FATAL COLLISION IN MID-AIR AT HENDON: THE BURNT-OUT WRECKAGE OF THE SOLO MACHINE FLOWN BY CAPTAIN GEORGE FREDERICK BOYLE.



THE COLLISION IN MID-AIR AT HENDON: THE WRECKAGE OF THE TWO-SEATER MACHINE FLOWN BY CAPTAIN A. S. WHITE; WITH MR. F. L. KNIGHT AS PASSENGER.

On July 29, two aeroplanes were in collision in mid-air near Stag Lane Aerodrome, Hendon. Both crashed, and three people were killed. One was a solo machine piloted by Captain George Frederick Boyle; the other was a two-seater flown by Captain A. S. White, who was accompanied by Mr. F. L. Knight, of Forest Hill. The solo machine burst into flames almost as it struck the ground.



THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND BRIGADE-TRAINING AND COLLECTIVE BATTLE-PRACTICES: A PEDAL BICYCLE RIGGED-UP TO SUGGEST A ONE-MAN TANK.

Captain White was Chief Instructor to the De Havilland School of Flying.—The Brigade-Training and Collective Battle-Practices of the 1st and 2nd Divisions, under Lieut.-General Sir David Campbell's command at Aldershot, began on July 18, and will continue until to-day, August 3. As will be noted, certain one-man tanks were represented by pedal cyclists with "gauged" machines.



MR. F. J. CHAMBERLAIN, Appointed National Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., in succession to Sir Arthur Yapp, who has become Deputy President. At the age of eleven, was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Plymouth. At the age of thirty-four came to London Headquarters. He is fifty.

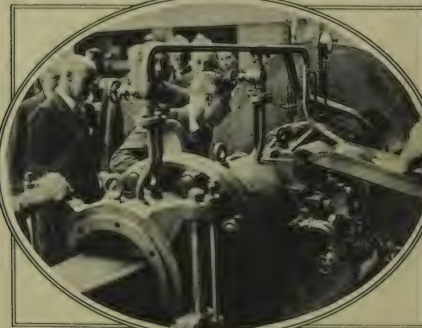


WHEN SIR JAMES BARRIE RECEIVED THE FREEDOM OF EDINBURGH—AND SPOKE IN PRAISE OF LANDLADIES: THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND; THE LORD PROVOST; SIR JAMES BARRIE; AND MRS. WILLIAM STEVENSON (LEFT TO RIGHT).

On July 29, the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh was presented to Mr. William Adamson and to Sir James Barrie, in the Ulster Hall. In one of his characteristic whimsical speeches, Sir James spoke of those old student days when he really was a part of Edinburgh. Incidentally, he praised his landlady there, Mrs. Edwards, and said that he wrote "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," thinking of her.

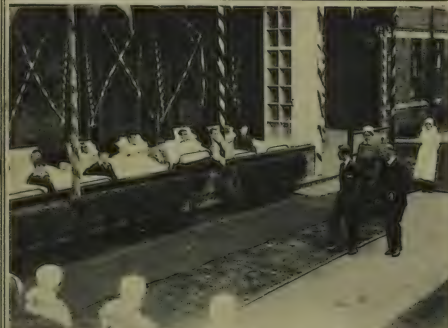


M. POINCARÉ. To the very great regret of all, it was announced the other day that M. Poincaré had resigned, owing to ill-health which might mean an operation very soon. He has been Premier three times, and he was President of the Republic from 1913 until 1920. M. Briand has formed a Cabinet.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BURTON-ON-TRENT FOR THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE BOROUGH: H.R.H. INSPECTING MACHINERY IN THE PIRELLI TYRE FACTORY.

The Prince of Wales visited Burton-on-Trent on July 24, and fulfilled a number of engagements. At the Town Hall he inspected the War Memorial tablets. At the delivery of Messrs. Bunn and Co. he started a brew of 200 barrels of strong beer. This will not be sold, but will be specially bottled for presentations. His Royal Highness also laid a wreath at the War Memorial; spent some time



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BURTON, TO WHICH HE TRAVELLED FROM TOWN BY AIR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AND PATIENTS WHO WERE TAKING THE AIR IN THE VERANDA OF THE BURTON INFIRMARY.

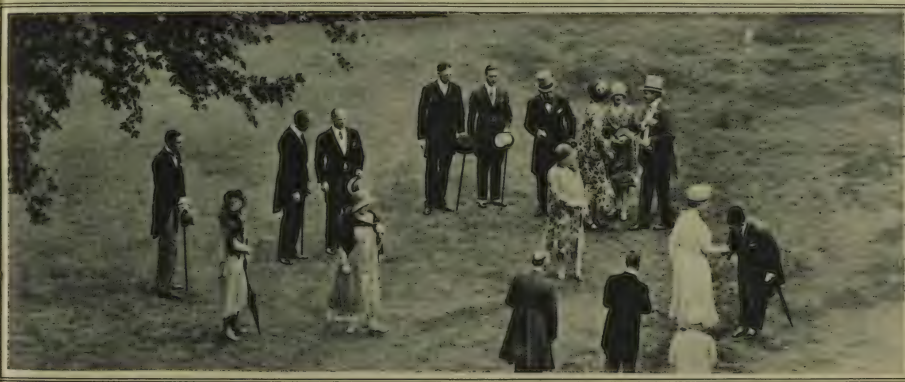
with members of the British Legion and War Orphans; and made visits to a number of factories, including those of the Brunner Artificial Silk Company, Pirelli, and the India-Rubber, Gutta-Percha, and Telegraph Works Company. He also went to the Burton Infirmary, His Royal Highness left from London and landed in Swan Meadow, near Trent Bridge; and he flew back to Hendon.



A NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE WHICH BEARS A WAR-SHIP NAME THAT HAS FIGURED IN THE ROYAL NAVY SINCE 1777: THE LAUNCH OF THE "PROTEUS." The submarine "Proteus" (of the 1927 programme) was launched the other day from the Harlow Works of Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong. Her displacement is 1570 tons on the surface, and 2040 tons submerged. Her armament includes eight torpedo-tubes and one 4-inch gun. Her above-water speed is about 17½ knots. The class will replace the "L" class.



THE SHANNON HARNESSSED: THE INTAKE GATES OF THE HEADRACE CANAL, WHICH WERE FORMALLY OPENED BY PRESIDENT COSGRAVE, OF THE IRISH FREE STATE. On July 22, Mr. Cosgrave opened the intake gates of the Shannon headrace canal, and thus admitted water of the river into the 7½ mile length of waterway to the power-station. In his speech, he said: "Henceforth the Shannon will be harnessed in the service of the nation, distributing light, heat, and power throughout the Free State, increasing the comfort of our homes."



THE KING OF EGYPT AT THEIR MAJESTIES' GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: HIS MAJESTY KING FUAD GREETED BY HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Viscount Lascelles (in a group behind the Queen); and (on the left of the picture) Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Marie Louise, King George of Greece, and Prince George of Russia. Needless to say, the King was unable to attend the function, although he is making excellent progress.



THE DISPUTED CONTROL OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY: M. EMCHANOFF, THE DEPORTED GENERAL MANAGER OF THE RAILWAY, ADDRESSING THE CROWD ON HIS ARRIVAL AT MOSCOW.

It will be recalled that the crisis between Russia and China was brought to a head by the seizure by the Chinese of the Chinese Eastern Railway Telegraphs and Telephones, the Soviet Mercantile Fleet, and certain Soviet Trade Agencies, and the shipping to Russia of some 140 Russians, including M. Emshanoff, the General Manager of the railway, and several other high officials of that enter-



THE PROPOSED RESUMPTION OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA: M. DOVGALEVSKI, THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR TO PARIS, ON HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

prise.—With regard to the second photograph, it should be noted that M. Dovgalevski, the Russian Soviet Ambassador in Paris, reached London the other day in order to meet Mr. Arthur Henderson, at the Foreign Office, for preliminary conversations in connection with the proposed resumption of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Russia.



THE EARLIEST ENGLISH YACHTS.



By Professor GEOFFREY CALLENDER, Royal Naval College, Greenwich. (See Coloured Double-Page Picture.)

THE word "yacht" is derived from the Dutch *jagen*—to move quickly; but it would be a mistake to suppose because of this that the Dutch invented the type of vessel that under this name first found favour in England. Yet there is much that may be quoted to support such a belief.

Yachting was popular among the Dutch before the close of the sixteenth century. Nothing was more natural than that, with their unnumbered tideless waterways and intersecting canals, they should at an early date have evolved speedy craft to exploit their heritage of water transport. By the middle of the sixteenth century they were building, quite apart from commercial craft, two clearly-marked types intended for pleasure and comfortable travelling. The smaller yacht, intended for shallow water, was about thirty feet long, and the yacht proper perhaps twice that length.

Now, when Oliver Cromwell's death left this country in a welter of political confusion, and George Monk was resolving to restore the Crown, he suggested to the exiled monarch that he should transfer himself from Spanish territory to Dutch. Charles took the hint, domiciled himself at Breda, and there learnt to appreciate the luxurious Dutch yachts. When all was arranged for his restoration and he was about to cross to England, he was conveyed to the English fleet in one Dutch yacht, and was attended by a host of others that came to do him honour. Charles was particularly charmed with the vessel that had been put at his disposal on this occasion, and assured the Mayor of Amsterdam that he should not rest until he had a similar conveyance of his own. This remark gave Mr. van Vlooswyck, the Mayor, a happy idea; and at his suggestion the town of Amsterdam purchased a large yacht from the Dutch East India Company and made a present of it to the new Ruler of England. This beautiful vessel, which has been portrayed by Beerstraten, J. Storck, and W. van de Velde, was christened *Mary*, in honour of Charles's sister, the widow of the Stadtholder William II. To supplement this rich gift, the Dutch gave the King one of their smaller yachts, in which he could, if he chose, take his pleasure above London Bridge; and this little craft went by the name of the *Bezan*.

Charles was using no empty, merely courteous, phrase when he assured Mr. van Vlooswyck that he would have yachts of his own. When the *Mary* arrived, the King was up at five o'clock in the morning to inspect her; and he gave orders immediately that his own constructors should see if they could not build something better. Accordingly, Christopher Pett began to build the *Anne* at Woolwich; and his brother Peter, the great Peter Pett, son of Phineas, and Commissioner at Chatham, laid down the *Catherine* at Deptford. In the spring of 1661 both yachts were ready; and, shortly after his coronation, Charles proceeded down the river, past Deptford and Woolwich, to see a race (on the 21st of May) between the *Mary* and her two English-built rivals. Mr. Pepys, who had been inspecting the Royal Dockyards, was returning by river under a deluge of rain, when he was overtaken by the King's barge and learnt, with great satisfaction, that the *Catherine* had won. The reason for the victory, in what was, as far as can be discovered at present, the first English yacht-race, was undoubtedly Peter Pett's contribution to the development of the craft.

The Dutch yacht, as exemplified by the *Mary*, was fashioned essentially for shallow waters. Her draught was probably 4.35 feet; certainly not more. For grip she depended upon lee-boards, which make a prominent feature in contemporary pictures and models. As no pains were spared to beautify these

early yachts, and as the lee-board in itself is not a lovely appendage, the Dutch embellished it with a seascape, or symbolical picture. Witsen, in his "Scheepsbouw," published in 1670, shows a yacht with her starboard lee-board adorned with a painting of Neptune riding a seahorse. Peter Pett discarded these lee-boards straight away, and built his yacht, in his own words, "like a frigate"; that is to say, he made her under-water form "sharp and proper to cut the water." She drew seven feet to the Dutchman's four-and-a-half; but, not having to worry about banks and shallows, she found no handicap in this. She not only won the first race in this country, but, with a faculty for sailing nearer the wind than the Dutch vessels that begot her, she is entitled to be regarded, even more than they, as

vogue which has happily persisted to this hour. During his reign, he acquired no fewer than twenty-six yachts; that is to say, on the average, a new one every year. It is much to be regretted that neither Pepys nor Evelyn developed a similar passion; for we might then possess picturesque details of the racing, which would appeal to the yachtsman of to-day. In the absence of racy narrative, we must be grateful for what the pictures and models convey; and of pictures nothing more satisfying can be found than that which is reproduced in this number as a double-page illustration in colour. The original was painted by William van de Velde the younger, and signed and dated by him. The inscription is to be found on a floating plank in the left-hand bottom corner. This happy circumstance has made it possible to identify the yachts and the race in which they are competing.

In July 1673, the King was visiting the Fleet, at Sheerness, and challenged his brother, the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) to race him. The Duke took the helm of the *Henrietta*, built at Woolwich by Christopher Pett, in 1663 (measurements: 52 feet by 19 feet 6 inches by 7 feet), and his Majesty took the helm of the *Cleveland* (measurements: 53 feet 4 inches by 19 feet 4 inches by 7 feet 6 inches), built at Portsmouth by Sir Anthony Deane, in 1671. There can be no doubt that the *Cleveland*, fashioned by Sir Anthony Deane, christened by that rapacious, but adorable, favourite, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, and steered by Charles himself, won this royal race, and so anticipated the glamour and romance of Cowes. How otherwise would the younger van de Velde have earned the King's regard? In the picture the rig of the *Cleveland* (whose romantic story is told beneath the reproduction of it) will help us to understand two other important yachting mysteries: the difference between the great yacht of Charles's day and the little, or up-river, craft; and the evolution of the great yacht as between the reign of Charles and the reign of Anne.

Neither great yacht nor little yacht in Charles's day would have been called a "cutter." The word is hardly found earlier than 1740. The great yacht, or "yacht," proper, had a rig which (under the name of "Hoy") had been common all over northern Europe since the time of Queen Elizabeth. The smaller craft, by contrast, had no "half-sprit" (or gaff, as we should call it). She had a mere stick at the head of the sail, and spread her main canvas by a boom. This rig proved enormously popular for small craft as soon as it had been patronised and popularised by Charles. It spread its wings all round the coast. It was the rig of the "Cork Water Club," the earliest racing club of the United Kingdom. But it spread still further; and, crossing the Atlantic, conquered the hearts of Virginia and New England. There, so complete was its sway, that we now know and recognise the rig by its colonial name, "Bermudian."

There are some who would persuade us that yachting to-day owes more to the *Bezan*, and other such shallops of King Charles's day, than to their statelier sisters, the *Cleveland*, *Henrietta*, and *Mary*. This theory brings us to the evolution of the two-masted yacht. What Charles admired in the *Mary* was the combination of speed and luxurious comfort. Commissioner Pett, when he was designing the *Catherine*, could not afford to dispense with either constituent. In adopting the lines of a "frigate," he not only secured superior speed, but he obtained, in addition, improved accommodation. The "*Catherine's*" interior was very well calculated to satisfy the luxury-loving Charles. But her gilded cabin with its royal appointments was, after all, but the slavish copy of

(Continued on page 226.)



THE ROYAL YACHT "WILLIAM AND MARY" OF 1694: DETAIL FROM THE PICTURE "THE THAMES AT GREENWICH," WHICH IS PROBABLY BY WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER.

The picture from which this detail is taken is probably by William van de Velde the younger. It is a particularly good piece of work, and our readers will be interested to know that it will be reproduced in colours in "The Sketch." It can be dated within a year or two by the state of the buildings, then composing the "Palace."

the archetype to which modern racing craft must in honour trace back their pedigree. And more than this. The "frigate-built" English yachts were not confined, like their Dutch congeners, to rivers and inland waterways. They put to sea, and became, by reason of their speed, useful auxiliaries in time of war. They were often literally the "eyes of the fleet," and, at a period when signalling was in its infancy, were invaluable in their quick delivery of messages. The winner of the first English yacht race, the *Catherine*, did splendid service in the later Dutch wars. In August, 1673, Prince Rupert engaged de Ruyter in the hard-fought battle of the Texel; and the *Catherine*, racing to the scene of the encounter with additional surgeons and medical stores, was cut off and captured by the enemy.

But it must not be thought that Charles II. remained satisfied with the *Catherine* and the *Anne*, nor that he turned to other interests when the Dutch-built model was outclassed. Yacht-racing became a passion with him; in fact, he gave the sport the



"ALL THE DAY BEFORE THEM."

An early start is no hardship when pleasure is in view, and, whether cruising or racing, the advantage of having plenty of time in hand is great. A tranquil dawn and light airs, with the cutter's sheets eased well away, give a fair start—but they are

no indication that the going will be good throughout! As the day makes out, the wind and water may do anything. But that is all in the game. And at nightfall there is always the quiet haven.

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A. (COPYRIGHTED.)

A Forerunner of Cowes in the Days of Charles I.: A Fine Sea-Piece by Van de Velde the Younger.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER (SIGNED, AND DATED 1673).



THE KING SAILING HIS YACHT "CLEVELAND" AGAINST THE "HENRIETTA," CAPTAINED BY THE DUKE OF YORK: THE ROYAL BROTHERS AS RIVAL SKIPPERS AT SHEERNESS, IN JULY 1673.

King Charles II., keenly interested in yachting while in exile at Breda, and doubly interested when Amsterdam presented him with the yacht "Mary," was stirred to a personal act of seamanship in July of the year 1673. He was visiting the Fleet at Sheerness, and challenged his brother, the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), to race him. The Duke took the helm of the "Henrietta," built at Woolwich by Christopher Pett in 1663 (measurements: 52 feet by 19 feet 6 inches by 7 feet), and his Majesty took the helm of the "Cleveland" (measurements: 53 feet 4 inches by 19 feet 4 inches by 7 feet 6 inches), built at Portsmouth by Sir Anthony Deane in 1671. "In 1671" (says Mr. Geoffrey Callender, Professor of History and English at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and Lecturer to the R.N. College, discussing the picture here reproduced) "the beautiful but rapacious favourite, Barbara Villiers, Lady Castlemaine was at the zenith of her power. She had just received from the infatuated King the royal palace of Nonsuch, a grant of £30,000, and a selection of the Crown jewels. She had also been created Baroness Nonsuch, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland. This last title she

bestowed, with every wish for luck and prosperity, on the latest royal yacht, which, under her taffrail, carried as her chief ornament a gilded effigy of the Queen of Beauty. The picture shows us the 'Cleveland' shaking her headsails to go about, as she answers the will of her royal helmsman, who stretches out his gloved hand in the gesture of command. She is rigged, as we should expect to find her, precisely like the other yachts of that day. She flies proudly the premier ensign of the day, and from the masthead a common pendant. In the distance may be seen one of the men-of-war which the King reviewed, and of which the elder Van de Velde was making sketches that are still preserved in the Boymans Museum. Doubtless, 'Cleveland' won this royal race and so anticipated the romance of Cowes. How otherwise would the younger Van de Velde have earned the King's regard? He, with his father, had only just arrived here; and this canvas, more likely than not, was the first commission executed in England by the world's greatest marine artist. Incidentally, it disposes for ever of Ruskin's contention that, while Van de Velde could paint a ship, he could not paint the waves in motion."

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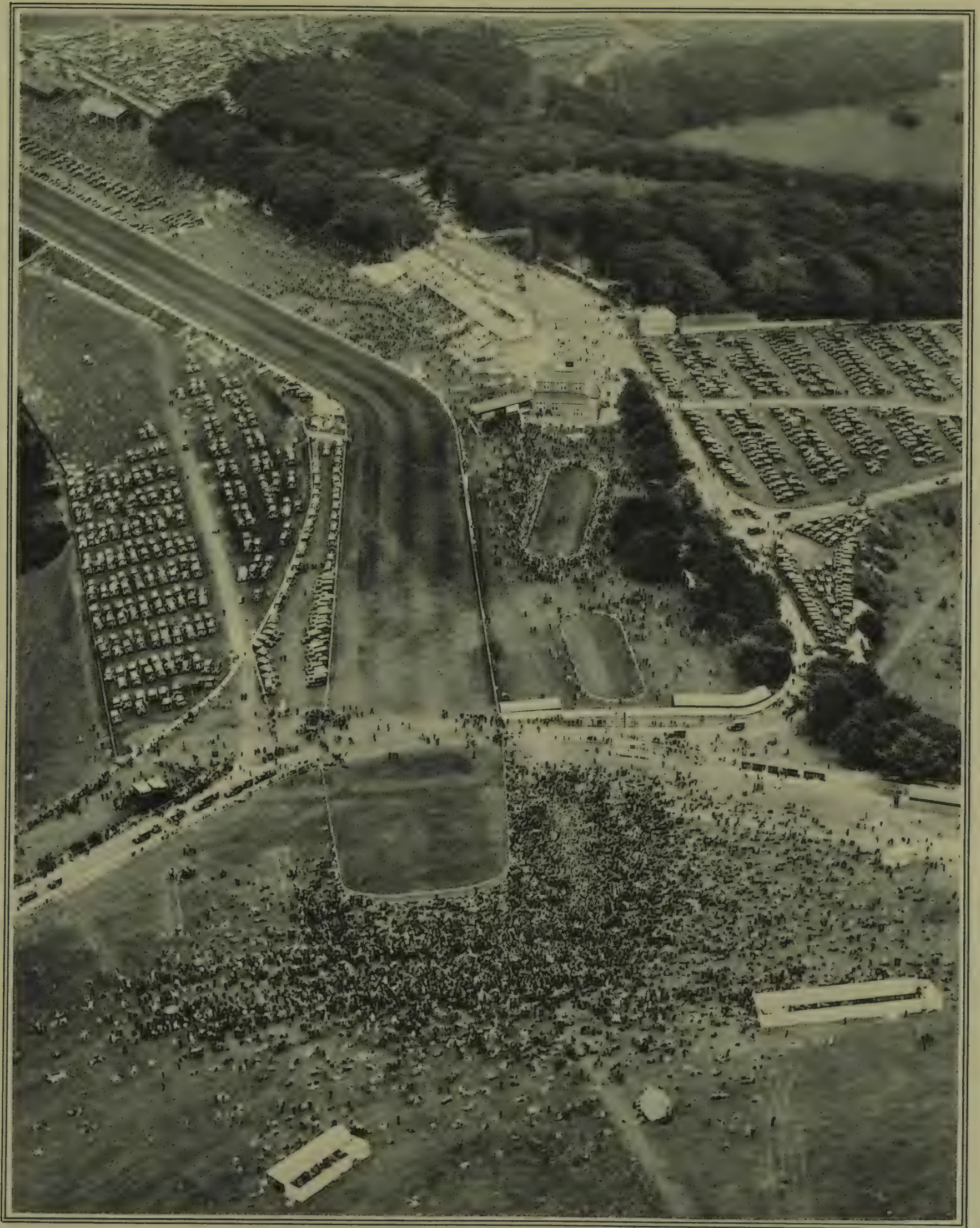
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GOODWOOD, THE CHANGED: THE "GARDEN PARTY" MEETING IN 1929.



SHOWING, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE ENCLOSED TRUNDLE HILL, ONE OF THE INNOVATIONS OF THIS YEAR:
GOODWOOD RACE-COURSE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR ON THE STEWARDS' CUP DAY.

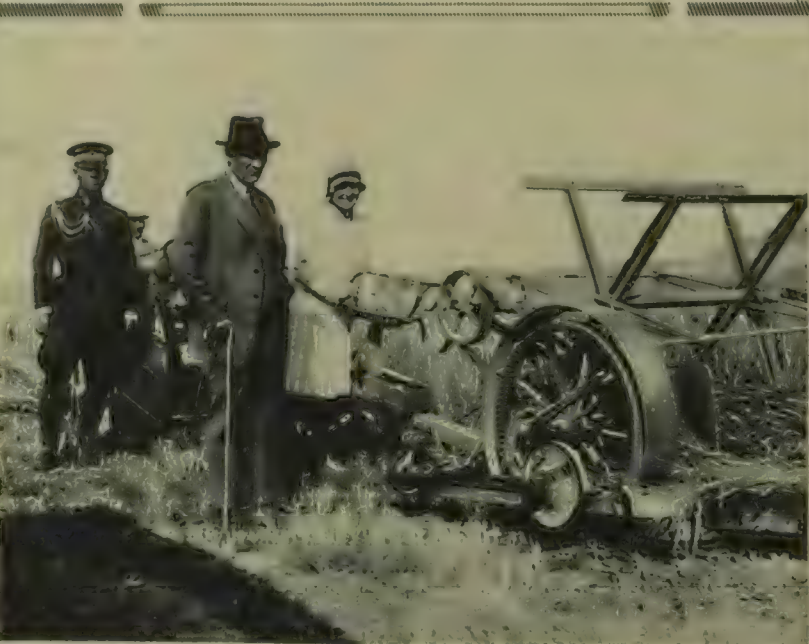
That great "garden party" meeting, Goodwood, was especially notable this year, in that there were several innovations to be remarked. For the first time, the famous Trundle Hill, which is seen in the foreground of our picture, instead of being a free natural "grandstand" for the public, was enclosed and an admission charge of 3s. was made. It is no longer possible, in consequence, for the crowd to overrun the course in front of the grandstand between the races. Another,

and even more significant, change was that women, hitherto restricted to the use of the top balcony of the Private Stand, were this year permitted to use any part of that stand and the Members' Enclosure, formerly restricted to men. It was, therefore, possible for women to make their own bets on the rails instead of having to rely on their escorts or visit the Silver Ring. Thus, at long last, Goodwood has freely acknowledged the march of feminism!

FARMING A "DESERT": PRESIDENT KEMAL PASHA AS AGRICULTURIST.



WHERE MODERN SCIENCE HAS MADE THE DESERT FERTILE: THE MODEL FARM OF HIS EXCELLENCY KEMAL PASHA, PRESIDENT OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC, NEAR ANGORA, WHICH HAS BEEN THE CAPITAL SINCE 1924.



WITH HIS WIFE, AND WITH AN AIDE-DE-CAMP IN ATTENDANCE: PRESIDENT KEMAL PASHA WITH A RECENTLY PURCHASED MOTOR-TRACTOR ON HIS FARM.

As we had occasion to note last week, his Excellency Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the President of the Republic of Turkey, adds to his many activities that of agriculturist. Near Angora, which has displaced Constantinople as the capital of his country since 1924, he has a model farm on what was once desert ground, and

[Continued below.]



AN ENTERTAINMENT ON MUSTAFA KEMAL PASHA'S FARM NEAR ANGORA: GUESTS OF THE PRESIDENT ROWING ON THE MARMORA LAKE AND SITTING ON ITS BANKS.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE TURKISH REPUBLIC AS AGRICULTURIST: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FARM OF HIS EXCELLENCY KEMAL PASHA; SHOWING SOME OF THE SMALLER BUILDINGS ON GROUND THAT WAS ONCE A DESERT.



IN A PLEASURE-BOAT FLYING NATIONAL FLAGS: MUSTAFA KEMAL PASHA BEING ROWED ON THE MARMORA LAKE ON HIS FARM.



WITH AN OFFICER IN WAITING: PRESIDENT KEMAL PASHA TAKING COFFEE AT THE CASINO WHILE ON HOLIDAY AT HIS FARM NEAR ANGORA, THE CAPITAL.

[Continued.]

supervising this are a number of foreign agricultural specialists. The photographs reproduced were received here recently, and they show that, even when on holiday on his farm, he is attended by an A.D.C. President Kemal Pasha, it will be recalled, was elected first President of the Turkish Republic on October 29, 1923, and the Revolution was complete when, on March 2, 1924, the Grand National Assembly decided upon the abolition of the Turkish Caliphate. On November 1, 1927, Mustafa Kemal Pasha was re-elected President. He was born at Salonika in 1881.

**"SOLE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEOPLE":
THE TURKISH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.**



WHERE THE GRAND NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, "THE SOLE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEOPLE" OF TURKEY, SITS: THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN ANGORA, WHICH REPLACED CONSTANTINOPLE AS THE CAPITAL FIVE YEARS AGO.

On November 1, 1922, the Grand National Assembly at Angora declared the office of Sultan at an end. In the January of 1921 it had voted a Fundamental Law declaring that all sovereignty belonged to the People, and that all power, both executive and legislative, was vested in the Grand National Assembly as being the sole representative of the people. To quote the "Statesman's Year Book": "At the beginning of 1924, circumstances necessitated a further revision of the Constitution. This was effected by the law of April 20, 1924, in the articles of which the Turkish State was declared to be a Republic, the religion of which is Islam, the official language Turkish and the capital Angora. . . . The new law also provided that the President of the Republic should be chosen from among the Deputies constituting the National Assembly, and that his term of office should be identical with the life of each Assembly. He is *ipso facto* President of the Assembly, and also, in case of necessity, of the Council of Ministers. He may, however, take no part in the debates of the Assembly, nor has he absolute powers to veto legislation or to dissolve the Assembly."



AT THE OPENING OF A NEW SESSION OF THE GRAND NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: PRESIDENT KEMAL PASHA MAKING THE INAUGURAL SPEECH.



A SITTING ATTENDED BY THE PRESIDENT, WHO IS SEEN SEATED ON THE BALCONY (ON THE RIGHT) IN THE CENTRE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH: A DEBATE IN THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ARCHÆOLOGY during the last fifty years has resurrected so many forgotten kings and kingdoms, whose dates and frontiers often overlap, that an ordinary person like myself, reading accounts of continual new discoveries and interpretations, is apt to become confused over the chronological sequence of events. When inibbing, at school, the elements of ancient history, I learnt about Greece and Rome, and something of Babylon, Assyria, Persia, and Egypt; while Biblical history was kept, as it were, in a separate compartment. The archaeologists have changed all that: they have dug up several "entirely new and original" civilisations, such as the Minoan and the Sumerian, and they have linked-up the Bible with the general story of the Near East. It would be a great boon to the average reader if all new archaeological works, designed for popular consumption, contained some chronological and topographical table, showing clearly the relative periods and geographical extent of the various ancient realms. Possibly it might take a metrical form, after the manner of Ince, of blessed memory, and the *memoria technica* verses of medical examinees at Cambridge (some of the weirdest fruit ever grown on Parnassus). We could easily remember, for instance, facts conveyed somehow like this—

About the 14th cent. B.C.
We date the Hittite apogee:
King Subbiluliuma bloomed
When Tutankhamen was entombed.
And so on and so on.

I take the example thus "Incified" from a book now open before me. As a boy, who dutifully read his Bible (or, more correctly, listened to it being read to him), I used to class the Hittites with many obscure and rather tiresome tribes which Israel every now and then smote "hip and thigh." There were also the Hivites, the Jebusites, the Amorites, and the Amalekites. Now the Hittites, it seems, have blossomed out into a great imperial race, and I should never be surprised if some of the others did likewise. The story, so far as it is known at present, is told in a work of immense interest and erudition, entitled "THE HITTITE EMPIRE": Being a survey of the History, Geography, and Monuments of Hittite Asia Minor and Syria. By John Garstang, M.A., B.Litt., D.Sc., Ruskin Professor of Archaeology in the University of Liverpool. With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations (Constable; 25s.).

In this important volume we do get, in part, a chronological table of the type suggested above. It is headed "Epochs in Hittite History and Art" (from, approximately, 2750 to 710 B.C.) and it indicates some contemporary rulers and events in other countries—*g.*, "1400 B.C. Subbiluliuma. Contemporaries: Egypt, Amenhetep III, Tutankhamon." In his first chapter, too, the author gives an outline of the whole of Hittite history, as well as of later developments in the same region, through Persian, Macedonian, and Roman times, down to the invasion of the Arabs in A.D. 668, and the subsequent conquests of the Turks.

Professor Garstang's name, of course, is famous in the world of archaeology, and is familiar to our readers from illustrated articles he has from time to time contributed. It is perhaps a compliment on his part that, in a book so amply and excellently pictured, he finds it sufficient to refer to *The Illustrated London News* (of Dec. 22, 1928) for a representation of one significant work of Hittite art. The reference occurs in a chapter on Hittite remains in Southern Syria.

Specially interesting, to a classical mind, are the links established between the Hittites and "the tale of Troy divine," also between Hittite and Greek legend. Thus Teshub, "the lord of heaven," was the prototype of Zeus, and a feminine deity that of the great Mother-goddess called (in all seriousness) Ma, and identified with Cybele. A giant image of the Mother-goddess, on Mount Sipylus, was confused by Greek and Roman writers with Niobe. Among the sculptures found at Boghaz-Keui (the site of the Hittite capital) was a figure of a female warrior believed to be the queen of the Amazons, who, "if the references

in Homer have any historical value, were already active within the immediate circle of the Hittite horizon." Summing-up his general conclusions, Professor Garstang looks to future research for "fresh and perhaps surprising light" on Hittite origins and racial affinities. He suggests that there once existed "a common stock and culture throughout northern Syria, Taurus, and the plateau of Asia Minor."

As a bridge of transition from remote antiquity to modern times, I will mention here an attractive travel-book recalling the days of Imperial Rome, namely: "THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA AND ITS TREASURES." By Gilbert Bagnani. With thirty-six Illustrations and three Maps (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). The author has visited practically all the places which he describes so well, and his little volume will be indispensable to anyone touring the district with an eye to its storied past. "Among the infinite delights of Rome (he says) the ease and rapidity with which it is possible to leave it is not the least. Nearly all other great cities suffer from a kind of skin disease: the town is separated from the country by a wide, pimply band of objectionable suburbs. In Rome, however, a short drive is sufficient to carry one from the turmoil of the modern city... This

country. No title, in the power of man to grant, can equal Liberator. King, Emperor, President, even Protector (unless it be Protector of the Poor, as say the Arabs) fall into nothingness beside it. Páez, indeed, was a true Liberator. He broke the chains that bowed his country under the yoke of Spain. He struck the shackles from the slaves in latter years."

The life of Páez was an epic of stirring adventure, and Mr. Cunninghame Graham, whose prose is a delight to read, tells it with inimitable *verve*. He has found a congenial subject in a man who, like himself, excelled in horsemanship, but he also had family reasons for rescuing his hero from oblivion. "My maternal grandfather," he writes in an appendix, "Admiral the Honourable Charles Elphinstone Fleeming, was in command on the West Indian Station in 1828. His flagship was H.M.S. *Barham*. . . . On board the *Barham* were Doña Catalina, my grandmother, a Spanish lady, her maid, and a whole menagerie of pets. Ordered to Caracas upon a semi-political mission, the ship anchored in the harbour of La Guaira. . . . The day they made the port, as it was fated, my mother happened to be born. . . . Páez at that time was occupied with the great movement for the autonomy of Venezuela, and Admiral Fleeming seems to have backed him."

Turning now from South to North America, I come to another notable record of a great military career—namely, "JAMES WOLFE," Man and Soldier. By W. T. Waugh, M.A., Kingsford Professor of History, McGill University. Illustrated. (Louis Carrier and Co., Montreal and New York and Brentano's, London; 21s.). It was fitting that Canada herself should produce the latest and most vivid memoir of the man whose victory at Quebec brought her within the fold of British nations, and his book will be welcomed on both sides of the Atlantic. No full biography of Wolfe, the author points out, has appeared for eighteen years. "Meanwhile (he goes on to say) newly discovered evidence of great interest has shed fresh light on his character and exploits. . . . It seemed to me, therefore, that I was warranted in making an attempt to set down what scholarship now permits us to say and think about him. . . . The book is meant for the general reader. It does not pretend to be a work of original research."

Several of the illustrations have never appeared before, and they include some rather malevolent caricatures by an officer in the Canadian expedition. In an appendix, Professor Waugh discusses the various sources of the famous anecdote relating to

Wolfe's quotation from Gray's "Elegy." Recent writers have doubted its authenticity. "But since his own copy of the 'Elegy' came to light, it matters little whether it is true or not. It is evident from the state of the book that it had been enthusiastically read and carefully pondered."

Of topical interest at the moment is "TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF SCOUTING." The Official History of the Boy Scout Movement from its Inception. By E. K. Wade. Illustrated (Pearson; 7s. 6d.). It includes also a chapter on the founding of the Girl Guides. The book ends with an allusion to "the big Jamboree of 1929" organised to mark the coming of age of the Scout Movement. "At Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, in August (we read) the father of Scouting celebrates the twenty-first birthday of his child." So here's a health to "B.P." and his merry men!

C. E. B.

Under the title of "The Dark Stranger," that well-known novelist, Mrs. Victor Rickard, who will be remembered as the author of such works as "The Light Above the Cross-roads," "Without Justification," "Old Sins have Long Shadows," and "A Bird of Strange Plumage," has a new serial just beginning in the *Daily Chronicle*. This deals with a remarkable poison case, and there can be no doubt that it will be followed with the intense interest that has attended the writer's other works. It may be added that, apart from her fiction, Mrs. Rickard has written "The Story of the Munsters."



FARMER—AND NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER FOR LITERATURE: KNUT HAMSON, THE GREAT NORWEGIAN NOVELIST, POET, AND DRAMATIST, WHOSE SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY WILL BE CELEBRATED ON AUGUST 4.

Knut Hamsun is acclaimed as Norway's most famous living author. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1919. His chief novel is "The Growth of the Soil," but he is known, of course, by many other works, including "Mysteries," "Pan," and "Shallow Soil." He describes himself in "Who's Who?" as a farmer; and adds: "No education. Clerk in store and in post office; farming; teacher for small children in country school; street-car conductor in U.S.; since 1889 mostly writing; the last twenty years also farming." He lives at Grimstad, Norway.

From the Painting by Henrik Lund, the Norwegian Artist.

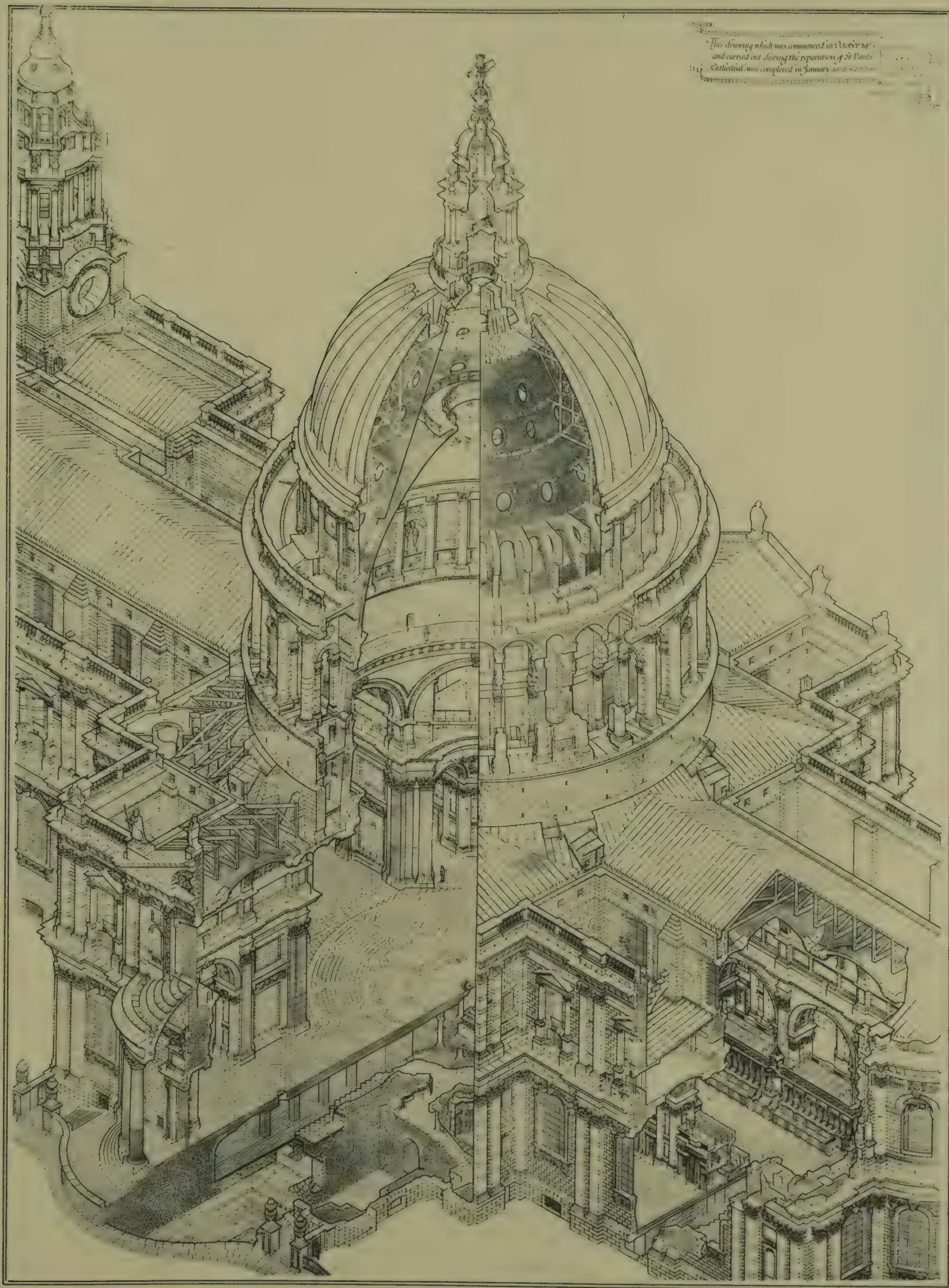
book (he continues) cannot pretend to be a treatise on the history or topography of the Campagna; it simply aims at answering the question, 'What shall we do this afternoon?'

Here, I think, the author is not quite fair to himself, for, while it is true that his volume takes the form of an itinerary, with incidental directions as by one who knows the local "ropes," it is nevertheless packed with historical information presented in an agreeable style. The classical sites to which he takes the reader include Horace's Sabine farm, identified only of late years, and the now frequently mentioned Lake of Nemi, with its sunken pleasure-barges of Caligula, lately disclosed to view, after 1800 years, by the draining operations under the ægis of Mussolini.

With the masterful character of Il Duce, and his ascent from small beginnings to the highest office in the State, might be compared, in some respects, the Venezuelan patriot whose career is recorded in "JOSÉ ANTONIO PÁEZ." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Illustrated (Heinemann; 15s.). "Páez (we read), from the humblest origin, had now (in 1824) risen to be the first citizen of the republic. . . . Until the year 1847 he dominated the public life of the republic, making and unmaking generals at his will and ruling like a patriarch." I doubt whether it would be quite appropriate, however, to apply to him the term Dictator. His biographer uses another word. "Fate called him," he writes, "to be one of the Liberators of his

ST. PAUL'S FROM FOUNDATION TO SUMMIT: AN ISOMETRIC DRAWING.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS.



COMBINING PLAN, SECTION, AND ELEVATION: EVERY DETAIL OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF LONDON'S CATHEDRAL NOW MADE CLEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The original of the remarkable isometric drawing here reproduced measures 12 feet by 8 feet, and is probably the largest and most important drawing ever made of a building. It is stated that, thanks to it, every detail of the construction of St. Paul's Cathedral has now been made clear for the first time. It is the result of over four years' constant work on the part of Mr. R. B. Brook-Greaves, assisted by Mr. W. Godfrey Allen. It should be added that a drawing in isometric projection combines plan, section,

and elevation, and is all drawn to scale. In this particular case, the building is looked at from the south-east. So useful is the drawing certain to be that the Architectural Press, of Queen Anne's Gate, have reproduced it by the collotype process (size, 50 in. by 37 in.), at 30s. for the ordinary edition, and three guineas for the édition de luxe of fifty copies signed by Mr. Mervyn E. Macartney, Surveyor to the Fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

"MIGHTY HUNTERS"—ON WHEELS!

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE modern Briton likes to regard himself as a "sportsman" before everything; the heir of the virile "Ancient Briton," who hunted, however, not so much because he liked it as because he had

the "sportsman" has commandeered its services to carry his war of desolation into the very wilds of Africa, there to glut himself with an orgy of slaughter which can be satisfied without the slightest risk to his own hide.

crouched at bay. As the beast leaped up, the advancing savage would endeavour to strike; then fall to the ground beneath his broad shield, while his friends rushed in from both sides and quickly speared their foe to death—but often not before one or two of them had paid the penalty for their daring with their lives.



1. NATIVE BIG-GAME HUNTING IN LIVINGSTONE'S TIME: DRIVING THE QUARRY INTO A BECHUANA GAME-TRAP, OR "HOPO."

The "Hopo" was formed of two converging hedges, a mile long, and a mile apart at the open end of the "V," which terminated in a "lane," fifty yards long, leading to a pit, twelve or fifteen feet long and about the same in width, which was lightly covered over with rushes. The hunters, making a circle of some three or four miles round, shouted to drive the game towards hedges and "lane."

to, though doubtless deriving thrills of pleasure and excitement in outwitting the wolf, the lion, and the bear, as well as in stalking the deer or the wild ox. But, whichever was the object of pursuit, it was a pursuit of danger. When our Neolithic ancestors settled down to a pastoral life and acquired flocks and herds, the more urgent need to go out and kill, or be killed, was removed—but still they hunted.

When bow and arrow and cross-bow put into the hands of later generations weapons of precision, hunting became the privilege of the overlord. But an eye was still kept on the larder. And here we have the coming of the "sportsman"; he was no longer really a "hunter." The advent of firearms, and the lessening numbers of his quarry, made articulate a slowly gathering sense of an impending scarcity of his now sacrosanct victims, and he began to label all wild creatures which he did not covet for his table, or for "sport," as "vermin." Marten, pine-marten, pole-cat, wild-cat, badger, otter, the eagle and all his kind, were all just "vermin"—poachers on one or other of his preserves—and henceforward ruthless persecution was theirs. To-day but little of our wild fauna remains to us. "And a good job too," I hear some say.

It would be useless to argue with such as these. They know nothing and care less about the ways and life-histories either of the creatures they protect only to kill, or of such as they kill, or get others to kill, in order that the toll of slaughter of their chosen victims may exceed that of their neighbours! "Behold our House is left unto us desolate"—for those of us who, within due limits, cherish all wild creatures are a powerless minority.

The more greatly daring of our sportsmen of the last two or three generations, finding "sport" at home somewhat tame—because it lacked all spice of danger, save from the novice with a gun—fared forth to face the lion and the buffalo, the elephant, the wild boar, and the tiger, as well as hostile natives, hunger, thirst, and fever. Turn to the records of men like Speke and Sanderson and Selous—these were "hunters," rather than just "sportsmen." The coming of the motor-car has ushered in what can at best be regarded as but a doubtful blessing. That it may go hurtling along our roads, fair spots in our homeland are being blasted out of existence. And, as if this were not enough,

them eighty lions. And these are extolled as "Famous Big-Game Hunters"! What do they know of hunting? Even this nauseating butchery is arranged for them.

I am proud to have enjoyed for long years the friendship of one of the greatest and most intrepid of African big-game hunters—Frederic Courteney Selous—and I have heard from his lips what lion-hunting is like. He has told me not only of his own hair-breadth escapes during such hunting, but also of the splendid courage of the Matabele, who, naked, and armed only with an ox-hide shield and a stabbing-spear, would rush forward on a lion as, with blazing eyes and mad with fury, it

By way of witness, let me point to the revolting details which have been set out in the columns of our newspapers. The animals are raced down by car before, and while, being shot. In one case the "bag" was fifty-seven buffaloes—bulls, cows, and calves indiscriminately! Another party, we are told, left camp one morning with the remark: "Let us shoot at every living thing we find to-day, and see what bag is possible in a single day!" Two of these "sportsmen," from the safe cover of a motor-car, killed between

Before the advent of the white man the natives hunted after the fashion of the men of the Stone Age in Europe. If their methods of killing were sometimes wasteful, it must be remembered that they slew for food. Livingstone describes how, no longer ago than eighty years, the Bechuanas entrapped game by means of a huge V-shaped fence called a "Hopo," the V terminating in a deep pit. Towards this fence, and into the pit, the terrified victims were driven, as shown in the adjoining illustrations.

But in those days zebras and antelopes of many kinds roamed in countless thousands, so that but little harm was done by these occasional "drives." They killed the elephant as our forebears killed the mammoth: it was painful to the hunted, perilous to the hunter. But they found their quarry for themselves, and they did not kill for the mere lust of killing and with no danger to themselves!

It has been urged in defence of these butchers masquerading as "big-game hunters" that they



2. THE "HOPO": SCORES OF STRUGGLING BEASTS IN THE PIT AT THE END OF THE "LANE" INTO WHICH THE GAME WERE DRIVEN.

The pit was soon filled with a struggling mass of the terrified animals. Buffaloes, giraffes, zebras, antelopes, gnus, and even rhinoceroses, were taken during such drives. As the pit filled, the beasts beneath were trampled to death, till at last, the pit being filled to the brim, the rest passed over the writhing victims and escaped.



3. AS MEN OF THE STONE AGE SLEW THE MAMMOTH: A FEMALE ELEPHANT HUNTED BY JAVELIN-THROWERS IN THE TIME OF LIVINGSTONE.

In Livingstone's day, the natives slew the elephant as the men of the Stone Age slew the mammoth. Loth to leave her calf, the poor beast allowed her pursuers to approach within short range, whereupon the hunters began to assail her with javelins thrown from a safe distance. Presently, the terrified calf bolted, and was soon killed. The mother then tried to run off, but, weak from loss of blood, gradually succumbed. To-day the natives use firearms, and, being unskilful, allow many of their victims to escape, and die later of their wounds.

were doing useful service by clearing the country of "vermin," to the great benefit of the settlers sorely hampered in their struggles to save their crops from the depredations of the herds of these "useless and pest-carrying" creatures.

The lie direct is given to this amazing argument by the "settlers" themselves, who, on many estates, protect the game, partly out of their delight in having these wonderful animals around them, and partly because they serve as a fruitful source of revenue to the country, since genuine sportsmen are more than willing to pay for licenses to hunt as true sportsmen from time immemorial have hunted.

It is devoutly to be hoped that immediate steps will be taken to see that butchery from motor-cars be made a crime impossible. But this can only be done by an increase in the number of "game-wardens" empowered not only to prevent the repetition of these scandals, but also the over-great freedom given to the natives now possessing modern firearms.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE "HERMIT" YACHTSMAN WHO SAILED 37,000 MILES SINCE 1923: M. ALAIN GERBAULT AT LE HAVRE ON THE COMPLETION OF HIS LONE VOYAGE.

In 1923, M. Alain Gerbault, well known as a lawn-tennis player, set out from Cannes, alone, in the cutter "Firecrest," which was built in 1892 at Cowes and has a 31½-ft. water-line length. Since that date

(Continued opposite.)



THE 10-TON CUTTER IN WHICH M. ALAIN GERBAULT HAS BEEN SAILING ABOUT THE WORLD SINCE 1923: THE "FIRECREST" AT LE HAVRE.

he has sailed some 37,000 miles. He allowed himself to be towed into Le Havre by the French Government cutter "Ailette" for the last mile or two of his voyage, because he wanted to reach Paris in time to see the Davis Cup finals. He has been made an Officer of the Legion of Honour for thus circumnavigating the globe.



THAT FAMOUS OPEN-AIR "GRANDSTAND," THE TRUNDLE HILL, NO LONGER FREE TO THE PUBLIC: THE ENTRANCE TO THE TRUNDLE ENCLOSURE, AT GOODWOOD—"ADMISSION 3s., INCLUDING TAX."

The famous Trundle Hill at Goodwood, which for so many years provided a natural and free "grandstand" for many of the public, has been enclosed, and there was a charge of 3s., including tax, for admission to it this year.



INTENSIVE WARFARE AGAINST THE CRIMINAL: THE NEW POLICE TELEPHONE-BOX AND TEMPORARY CELL IN ONE.

The left-hand structure in the photograph is one of the newly erected police telephone-boxes (and "cells") which have been set round London to ensure speedy communication not only with the local police, but with Scotland Yard and the Flying Squad.



THE WATER FAMINE IN HONG KONG: TANKS HURRIEDLY BUILT FOR THE SUPPLY OF FREE WATER TO THE POORER CLASSES.

In our issue of July 20, we gave some photographs showing small portable water-tanks placed in the streets of Hong Kong for the use of the public during the water-shortage. We now show some more elaborate precautions taken since. These tanks were built hurriedly by the Government and by the Tung Wah Hospital for the benefit of the poorer class of Chinese who are without water-tanks and, as a rule, are supplied with free water twice daily.



MARKING THE SITE OF THE FIRST REAL BOY SCOUT CAMP: A CAIRN SET UP AT PARKSHIELD FARM, NEAR FOURSTONES.

While the preparations for the great Jamboree of this week were going on, the quiet ceremony here illustrated took place at Parkshield Farm, near Fourstones, Northumberland, where General Baden-Powell held his first real Boy Scout Camp in 1908. It will be noted that on the rock below the cairn is inscribed "B.P. 1908. 'Look Wide.'" This inscription was unveiled by Mr. Adam Henderson, who is seen in the centre. On the right (in a dark coat) is Sir Christopher Furness.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : GLASS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

ENTHUSIASM for glass in this country goes back, as a general rule, two hundred and fifty years or so, and then stops, partly because the more immediate past is nearer in feeling and outlook to ourselves, and also because the survival of so fragile a material for two thousand years is, in normal circumstances, little short of a miracle.

There is, however, in existence a considerable quantity of ancient glass which has not yet found its way into a museum, and anyone who cares to investigate will find himself immersed in a peculiarly fascinating subject, the geographical range of which is only determined by the frontiers of the Roman Empire. We have to thank pagan customs for preserving so much, for countless varieties of perfume and toilet bottles that had served their owners during life were buried with them after death: Christianity frowned upon this superstition, with the result that there is now more glass of the first, second, and third centuries of our era than of later periods.

In Imperial times wealthy Romans seem to have been more than enthusiastic about glass. One is tempted to quote at inordinate length. Here is

which is fine. It is not possible in monochrome illustrations to give those who have never seen Roman glass an idea of its beauty of colouring. Here are a few—a very few—typical forms. These are pleasing and harmonious, but quite half the attraction of these pieces is due to the iridescence caused by long burial. In the course of ages the glass has become slightly decomposed, and is covered with a film of soluble carbonate of soda or potash. When this is washed from the surface of the glass, small flakes of an acid silicate of lime remain and break up the rays of light. It may be objected that this purely fortuitous colouring, which was not in the glass when it came from the workshop, should have no value in the eyes of anyone but a sentimentalist: to which I reply that nobody looking at the second bottle in Fig. 1, for example, which happens to possess all the colours of the rainbow, can fail to be thankful for the disintegration of the centuries.

These two little bottles are examples of what is referred to in learned catalogues as "a twin unguentarium." They are very favourite shapes, and are bound round, as it were, with glass threads. A more amusing description for them is "double tear-bottles." The two compartments are supposed to have been filled by a relative at the funeral, one by each eye—an ingenious theory which one would like to believe. The handle of the larger piece must have got in the way! A pleasant decoration this handle: no machine-made, deadly-dull accuracy, but most admirable taste.

The same characteristics can be seen in the handles of the first and second examples in Fig. 2—and also the spiral thread, in the first case winding round the slender body of the amphora; in the second, encircling the neck of the little jug. The third specimen in Fig. 2 is a delightful piece, entirely with-

scarcely weighs anything. The material is also excessively thin, and—it is not easy to describe—rather like talc to the touch. (I am speaking now of a thoroughly washed specimen.) If one's hand is



1. WITH ADDITIONAL BEAUTY GIVEN BY IRIDESCENCE: ROMAN DOUBLE TEAR-BOTTLES DATING FROM ABOUT 100 B.C.

"These two little bottles are examples of what is referred to in learned catalogues as 'a twin unguentarium.' They are very favourite shapes and are bound round, as it were, with glass threads. A more amusing description for them is 'double tear-bottles.' The two compartments are supposed to have been filled by a relative at the funeral, one by each eye—an ingenious theory which one would like to believe."

at all hot, the material feels slightly sticky. The deposit, by the way, is not necessarily found on the outside of the glass: it is quite often inside the object only, the outside remaining smooth. It was somewhere about 100 B.C. that an unknown glass-worker discovered the use of the blow-pipe. Until then the artist in glass had to overcome very much the same technical difficulties as the potter, at any rate as regards the form of his wares. The new invention, so simple, but so important, immediately made clear the way to an immense variety of shapes. It did more. It enabled glass to be produced cheaply and quickly, so that it became a familiar material in every house, and not just an article of luxury. From Egypt and Syria, where glass had been made from time immemorial, the manufacture spread to Rome itself, and thence to Gaul and the Rhine. The workmen were mostly Greeks and what we should now call Levantines, who performed for the Roman world the same service that the Venetians performed for Europe fifteen hundred years or so later.

And now, again, thanks to those whose "paganism" was so preservative. Surely, even their most Puritanical opponents will forgive them much!



2. TWO SHOWING HANDLES AS PLEASANT DECORATIONS; AND THE THIRD AN UNORNAMENTED, BUT DELIGHTFUL, EXAMPLE: AN AMPHORA; A JUG; AND ANOTHER AMPHORA. (LEFT TO RIGHT.)

The spiral thread in the case of Nos. 1 and 2 should be noted.

Clement of Alexandria fulminating against luxury with all the intensity of Savonarola: "This passion for all sorts of glass only belongs to fools; yes, this pretentious, useless vainglory of engraving on glass, which tends to nothing but to break them and cause to tremble those who carry them to their lips, ought to be crushed by our institutions." Truly, Puritan extravagance knows neither age nor race. More than a century before, Nero, no less than his contemporaries, was passionately fond of glass, and paid enormous prices for fine specimens. Everyone will remember the gesture of Petronius, who, about to commit suicide, smashed a fine bowl into atoms so that it should not fall into the Emperor's hands after his death. Nero had the precious fragments collected, and publicly exhibited under a glass cover.

I need scarcely point out that the would-be collector will not be offered anything approaching the Portland Vase, though he might possibly achieve a fragment—at a price—of similar work. What I think the majority of people who flocked to Christie's this season to view the Portland Vase did not realise was the fact that this very beautiful and delicate technique is really the glass-worker's ingenious version of the art of the gem-cutter. The latter produced his cameos out of the light and dark strata of sardonyx and agate: the former, with infinite patience, used the less permanent material of his chosen craft.

But this is a note upon what one may reasonably hope to acquire rather than upon unique and world-famous works of art. I have been fortunate in being able to draw upon a delightful little collection, that of Mr. Richard Arnold, to illustrate this article. The collection is modest in scope, but not in quality; there is nothing in it which is astonishing, but much

out ornament, but most graceful and delicate. The centre piece of Fig. 3 is an ampulla; the shape is usual, the iridescence charming. The other two examples in this photograph are typical tumblers, the one on the right the more ordinary simple type; that on the left with the lower part pressed in on four sides. The one on the right has been washed, so that there is practically no deposit left. This brings me to the question of feel and weight. All Roman glass is extremely light; this little drinking-glass, for example,



3. ROMAN TUMBLERS AND AN AMPULLA: A TYPICAL TUMBLER; AN AMPULLA OF UNUSUAL SHAPE; AND A SECOND TUMBLER, OF MORE ORDINARY, SIMPLE TYPE. (LEFT TO RIGHT.)

Did we ever wear such things?



From a 1913 De Reszke advertisement

It's a disturbing thought that in 1939 we may be laughing at the fashions of this year of grace just as we now do at the fashions of ten or fifteen years ago. Never mind. We shall still have our beloved De Reszke cigarettes, and they will still be the perfect aristocrats they were in those days when a woman's legs were hidden from the vulgar gaze. It is to be hoped that, whatever Government is in power in 1939, it will still be made possible to sell De Reszkes at their present popular price of 10 for 6d.

DE RESZKE *Virginias*

'Ivory'-tipped or plain

10 for 6d

Twenty for one shilling

J. MILLHOFF AND CO. LTD., 86 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

NEW TREASURES FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

(Continued from Page 194.)

spoil. By knowing the cause, one is better able to guess the effect.

"The oils, fats, unguents and wines, fruits and foodstuffs were the contents proper of the Annexe. The other paraphernalia stacked on the top of these provisions were, in reality, extraneous—they may possibly have been put in this chamber for want of space elsewhere," Mr. Carter hazarded.

"Many of the alabaster vessels that held the oils and unguents, etc., were undoubtedly much older than the burial of the King. Some of them have their inscriptions carefully erased; others actually bear ancestral names that carry back to the reign of Thothmes III.; and some of them show traces of long use, old breakages, and repairs. In fact, they appear to have contained family oils from famous presses, fats and unguents of matured kind, dating back some eighty years before Tutankhamen. So remarkable are the vessels for their size and diversified shapes that one could not in so short a time describe each one; but let it suffice to describe to you some of the more characteristic types. One vase takes the shape of a mythical lion, standing upright in an aggressive attitude, which reminds one of the 'lion gardant' in heraldry. His right fore-paw is clawing at the air in noble rage, while his left rests upon the symbol *SA*, meaning 'protection'; and fitted to the crown of the head of the lion is the 'neck-piece' of the vase in the form of a coronated lotus flower. Another vase represents a bleating ibex, rendered realistically. A third vase takes the form of a crater upon a tazza stand, beautifully carved with ornament and an incised inscription covered with pigment. A fourth, also of crater form, is embellished with an elaborate open-work envelope made of semi-translucent calcite. This vessel, like several of the others, once held some precious unctuous material; the slight remains of it that adhere to its inner walls bear an imprint of the predatory fingers that scraped out the unguent. A fifth jar, of arybalos shape, bears the prenomen and nomen of Thothmes III. and an inscription giving its capacity—sixteen *hins* (7.760 litres) of fat—and it, also, bears distinct traces of ancient breaks and repairs. A sixth example, of amphora type, with its original tazza, or circular support, stands some thirty inches high. At the bottom of this vase a small quantity of its oil was left by the thieves: beneath the hardened crust the oil has remained viscid to this present day.

"The fats, unguents, and oils that these vessels

once held had, no doubt, a far greater value in ancient days than we can possibly imagine," said Mr. Carter.

"The pottery wine-jars (amphoræ), which were about three dozen in number, are not without special interest. Naturally the wines have dried up long ago, but each jar bears a docket, written in hieratic, which gives the date, place, and vintages of the wines. From these dockets we learn that choice wines of the royal cellars came from the Aten, Amen, and Tutankhamen domains situated in the Delta—some at Kantareh on the east, but mostly on the west branch of the River Nile. From the seals upon the jars we gather some knowledge as to the system practised by the ancient Egyptians when bottling—or perhaps it is better expressed, storing—wines. Apparently, when the first fermentation was completed, the young wine was transferred to pottery jars, which were closed and sealed by means of a rush bung completely covered over with a clay or mud capsule that enveloped the whole of the mouth and neck of the jar. While these immense mud capsules were still soft they were impressed with the device of the domain to which the wine belonged. The second fermentation thus took place in the jars, and, in order to allow the carbonic acid formed during the process of the secondary fermentation to escape, a small hole was made at the top of the mud capsules. These small holes were then closed with mud and were impressed with a smaller device of the domain, made expressly for the purpose. In all probability, the interior of the jars was first smeared with a thin coat of resinous material to counteract the porous nature of the pottery they were made of: our broken specimens show a distinct black coating on their inner surfaces. The thieves apparently did not take the wine, but, owing to the very rough treatment at their hands, many of the jars were broken and the wine spilled.

"The 116 baskets that contained foodstuffs—mostly fruits, including grapes; the mandrake, nabukh, nuts and seeds—are of round, oval, and bottle shape. They show by their symmetry the natural aptitude of the expert workman. The 'strokes' employed in their construction appear to be precisely the same as those used to-day by native basket-makers. Some of the smaller and finer-weaved examples are adorned with patterns formed by interweaving stained grasses with natural coloured grasses. The coarser specimens are made of fibre 'skeins' from the fruit-bearing stalks of the date-palm, bound with fronds of the dôm-palm (or, as in some cases, the date-palm) which were in all probability first soaked in water to render them both leathery and pliable. It is, perhaps,

interesting to note that on certain festival occasions the modern Egyptians take similar baskets of fruits to the tombs of their deceased relatives."

THE EARLIEST ENGLISH YACHT.—(Contd. from p. 212.)

a Dutch original. Where the *Catherine* scored over her predecessors was in her "roominess." In the Dutch models the shallow draught would not admit of a state room below. The state room was contained, or lodged, in a pavilion on the upper deck. This gorgeous tabernacle, with its gilded caryatides, monopolised all the accommodation aft, and precluded any possibility of adding a mizzen. To carry their canvas further aft, the Dutchmen, as often as not, preferred a whole sprit, or full-sprit, to the "half-sprit" (or gaff) of the Englishmen. But Pett's improvements in the *Catherine* made a definite break with the rig which survives till to-day in the "Thames barge." Already, so Witsen tells us, in the *Catherine*, "the mast is stepped in such a way that it can be moved to and fro to seek sailing power." And the *Catherine* was built as early as 1661. A few years later it would appear that King Charles gave two of his yachts—the *Merlin* (1666) and the *Kitchen* (1670)—a ketch rig. But the scanty evidence is inconclusive, and it would be unsafe to dogmatise. That experiments were conducted there can be no doubt; but that the Hoy-rig persisted, as against the Ketch, is well shown by another yacht portrait—a picture that shows the River Thames at Greenwich and can be dated within a year or two by the state of the buildings, then composing the "Palace." The yacht depicted, and here reproduced, can thus be confidently identified as the *William and Mary* of 1694; and she differs hardly at all from the *Cleveland* of a quarter of a century earlier. On the stern, a tall, dignified figure queens it between the gilded windows, and, while the yacht shakes her headsails to go about, we recognise the rig of the Hoy.

And yet, when we come to Queen Anne's reign, and the first treatise on "marine architecture," the representative English yacht is a two-masted vessel, ketch-rigged. Whether in the *William and Mary*, then, we should discover the Dutch King's preference for a Dutch design; or whether in the Hoy and the Ketch we should hail the ancestresses of two immutable types, the cutter and the schooner, only needing gaff-topsails to make their headdress accord with changes of fashion inseparable from feminine caprice, Everyman (in the absence of sufficient evidence) is entitled to decide for himself.

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THE KISUMU TERMINUS OF THE KENYA AND UGANDA RAILWAY ON LAKE VICTORIA: A VIEW SHOWING WHARVES, THE MARINE YARD, AND A VESSEL IN THE DRY-DOCK.



AN IMPORTANT CENTRE OF THE DAIRYING INDUSTRY, AT LUMBWA, ON THE WESTERN SLOPES OF THE MAU ESCARPMENT, KENYA: A VIEW SHOWING THE CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY'S CREAMERY.



A SCRAMBLE FOR TIT-BITS! NATIVES CUTTING UP AN ELEPHANT FOR FOOD.



SUNSET ON LAKE NAIVASA: ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTY-SPOTS IN THE KENYA HIGHLANDS, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY; 6231 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.



THE SUMMER SERVICES ON THE LAKES, WHICH PROVIDE THROUGH ROUTES TO THE SUDAN, THE BELGIAN CONGO, AND, THROUGH TANGANYIKA, TO RHODESIA AND THE CAPE: THE "GRANT" ON LAKE KIOGA.



A SPECIMEN OF THE BIG-GAME TO BE SEEN BY TRAVELLERS ON THE KENYA AND UGANDA RAILWAY: A HIPPOPOTAMUS IN KENYA—A DENIZEN OF EAST AFRICAN LAKES AND RIVERS.

Nothing in the history of this century has been more striking than the progress that has taken place in the opening-up and development of East and Central Africa, and in this development the Kenya and Uganda Railway has played an important part. It is the main route for the area surrounding the Great Lakes and the Upper Waters of the Nile, and, in its course, it traverses some of the most wonderful country in the world. From the tropical coast-belt, it rises by steady ascent to the eastern slopes of the Great Rift Valley; drops sheer into the bottom of that amazing Rift; and climbs again on the Western Escarpment to over 9000 feet before it begins the rapid descent to Lake Victoria. Every range of climate is thus encountered in the journey from Mombasa to Uganda, and a rich variety of mountain and lake scenery can be viewed from the train-window. Steamer services on Lakes Victoria, Kioga, and Albert provide through routes to the Sudan, Belgian Congo, and southwards, through Tanganyika, to Rhodesia and the Cape. A network of good motor-roads covers the territories and gives ample scope for motor-tours in all directions.

The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."

The Old English Art of Quilting.

South-country people in general, and Londoners in particular, probably know little about the old English art of quilting, though everyone who is interested in ancient needle-work must be familiar with the fine examples in the shape of seventeenth-century quilted petticoats and dresses which may be seen in London museums. The Rural Industries Bureau Exhibition of quilted work by women in the colliery villages and the surrounding districts of South Wales and Northern England had the advantage of being held in a magnificent *décor*, as Lady Londonderry lent the finely proportioned picture-gallery in Londonderry House

NOTABLE WOMEN IN NOTABLE FROCKS.

The extraordinarily rich yet simple effect which may be obtained by sewing a pattern on the quilt is quite remarkable, and forms a great contrast to the "fussy" look of other forms of embroidery, with their many colours. It is this distinction and dignity which is likely to make so strong an appeal to modern taste with its leaning towards simplicity.

Her Majesty the Queen, whose interest in needlework is well known, has two quilts; and Princess Mary, who takes a keen interest in all village industries, has ordered two, a green and a blue one, from Wales and Durham; while the Duchess of York has chosen a pale petal-pink quilt suitable for a child's cot, so we may guess that little Princess Elizabeth is to sleep under an old English quilted bedspread. Quilted work is not only used for coverlids, and at the Londonderry House exhibition visitors were able to admire evening cloaks and dressing-gowns adorned with it; while Paris has registered approval of scarves with quilted ends, and the same old-world work is used successfully for cushions and *couvre-pieds* made to match.

The Brides of 1929.

There have been many notable marriages this year, and the brides of 1929 have evolved some most attractive and successful new modes. To begin with, the short dress has entirely disappeared, and the brides of the season have all worn picture gowns, either of satin or, more frequently, of net or tulle embroidered with gold or silver. The simple orange-blossom wreath is now quite *démodé*, and green coronets of myrtle or bay are neglected by fashion for more striking head-dresses. At every wedding I have attended of late the elaborate beauty of the bride's coiffure has been noticeable.

Classic orange-blossom is often used, but it is worked into an elaborate pointed tiara, or "French peasant" shape of head-dress, each bud being wired up to take the exact position required; while the "halo" head-dresses of gold or silver tissue, lace, or pearls have enjoyed a tremendous popularity. Some very uncommon ones have been seen, for Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby, now Mrs. Denis Pelly, had a halo of glass, which almost suggested a row of crystal snakes rising from crystal rosebuds; and Miss G. Poer O'Shea wore a head-dress of orange-blossom, dyed a delicate blush-pink; while Lord Craigavon's daughter, who married Lieutenant-Commander Linzee last week, chose a halo of pearls arranged in a leaf pattern. Miss Enyd Ramsden, now Mrs. P. Laidlay, was one of the brides who pinned their faith to silver lace head-dresses; and diamanté coronets and tiaras have been worn successfully.

Wreaths of China Roses.

The changing fashions of bridesmaids' dresses are interesting too, and gold tissue and lamé frocks such as were almost universally chosen for bridal attendants have given place to plain chiffon gowns, nearly all longer at the back than in front, while brides have wisely avoided dressing their maids in figured chiffons, as they are far too "busy" and fussy for such an occasion. Very few of the important weddings of the year have seen bridesmaids in hats, and most original and novel head-dresses were worn by the girls who followed Miss Hankey at her marriage to Mr. John Benn last week, as they were wreaths of china flowers in mixed colours tied with ribbons at the back. This is a development from the ordinary rose bandeaux which have been so frequently chosen for bridesmaids.

Long ago, the bridegroom's gifts to his bride's attendants were stereotyped affairs, but to-day the bridesmaids are often "rewarded" for their services by most original and charming presents. Crystal necklaces to tone with their dresses or bouquets, antique paste brooches, and shoe-buckles have all been popular this season, and Mr. Michael Ellison, who married Miss Prudence Russell, introduced the "individualist" theory into his presents, - for he gave gifts to each attendant "according to her special taste." Powder-boxes, vanity-bags, and jade bracelets, as well as fans, have all been presented this year; so young girls who have attended more than one friend on the great day of her wedding have a varied and interesting collection of souvenirs.

The Bathroom Beautiful.

Bathrooms have been growing more and more beautiful of late. Not only do we devise the loveliest and most original colour schemes, and employ marble, tiles, and paint of every hue, but we demand that bathrooms should be built on practical, labour-saving lines as well as æsthetic ones. The new tubs rise straight from the floor, and are square structures, not baths on iron feet, so that there are no tiresome crevices and corners to be swept and cleaned; while pipes are all hidden within walls, and taps are either china affairs, which do not require to be polished, or else lie concealed in cupboards where they do not get stained and splashed.

But to return to the æsthetic side of bathrooms, the Marquise de Casa Maury, Mrs.

Henry Mond, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley are a few of the owners of notable bathrooms in London, where glass and marble have been used in novel ways, but I think that Sir George Clerk's elder daughter, Mrs. Alan Gandar Dower, is the only woman who not only has a cleverly built bathroom, but has herself frescoed the walls with suitable "under-the-sea" scenes. Fish of all sizes and shapes painted in their natural colours float round the walls of Mrs. Dower's bathroom, so that she can lie in her tub and enjoy the sensation of being in an aquarium or of basking in tropic seas, as she watches fishes of all kinds swimming along on the level of her eyes. An alternative to painted walls is to decorate the bathroom with coloured prints of fish from old natural history books.



STRIPED CHIFFON 'AS THE MATERIAL FOR A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY DRESS: LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Most people chose flowered patterns for the chiffon dresses worn at the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, but Lady Moyra Cavendish selected a striped material which proved highly successful, as our photograph shows.

THE WIDE-BRIMMED STRAW HAT FOR BRILLIANT SUMMER DAYS: THE BARONESS RAVENSDALE ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.

The wide-brimmed hat always returns to favour in really summery weather, and Baroness Ravensdale wore a very large straw model at the Royal Garden Party. Her chiffon dress had floating panels and a deep décolletage; and her jewellery consisted of long hanging ear-rings and a beautiful ornament on a slender chain.

for the purpose of the show last week.

The quilts are made of sateen, silk taffeta, crêpe-de-Chine, or any material desired, and are lined with natural sheep's wool, so that they are both warm and light. They are patterned in all sorts of designs, and no two examples are alike, for, although there are



PRINTED CHIFFON FOR THE DÉBUTANTE AND PLAIN MATERIAL FOR THE MOTHER, AT THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY: MISS ANGELA BRETT ARRIVING WITH COLONEL THE HON. MAURICE AND MRS. BRETT.

We may have seen a great deal of printed chiffon this season, but it remains a charmingly decorative material for summer frocks. Miss Angela Brett, the débutante daughter of Colonel the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Brett, wore a pretty printed chiffon at the Royal Garden Party. It was made with floating panels and a V-neck. Her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett—who was formerly Miss Zena Dare—chose a plain material for her dress, which had a lace collar and jewelled belt. It was worn under a short cape trimmed with soft fox.

traditional patterns which have been handed down from mother to daughter for many generations, each worker is her own inspiration to a certain degree, and a really expert quilter cannot tell exactly how her pattern will turn out until the centre part is finished. I heard this from the Welsh-woman who was seated in the gallery, working at a quilt for a baby's cot, and was also told that the frames on which the quilting is done are often heirlooms, many of them being over two hundred years old.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE FUTURE OF THE EIGHT-CYLINDER CAR.—THE NEW HUPMOBILE.

WE who are interested in the bettering of the motor-car are lucky in being, so to speak, in the birth of the eight-cylinder car. Some of us have seen the development of the four-cylinder, a great many more that of the six-cylinder, although the latter is by no means yet the job it ought to be—from Everyman's point of view, who can only pay a little for it. The eight-cylinder, successfully produced at a high price a good many years ago, is still in its infancy. By this I mean that it is still, for the most part, the sort of car of which you must say that the more you pay for it the less likely you are to be disappointed. It has not nearly reached the six-cylinder's stage of development yet. When it reaches and passes it, it may quite possibly be a much better car. It ought to be, and it ought to be at least as cheap. We shall see.

"Sixes" versus "Eights."

There are quite a number of "Eights" to be had now, the major proportion being Americans,

but it cannot be denied that only a few of them are definitely better cars, in the hands of the average owner, than the average modern "Six" of equal power. Their flexibility is occasionally better, according to how much the designer knows about gas-distribution and carburation generally, but only in a very few instances have I found that their acceleration and maximum speed are superior to those of a "Six" of equal power. In fact, I can only think of one at the moment, and that is a very large and very expensive car indeed.

Does Success Depend on Size?

This applies more, of course, in the cheaper, smaller classes, where it is difficult to make cost and complications agree. A man whose life has been spent in producing cars of all sorts and trying to sell them, sometimes with glittering success, sometimes with no success at all, gave it to me as his studied opinion that at present, with fewer exceptions than can be counted on the fingers of one hand, not including the thumb, eight-cylinder cars under a minimum of 25-h.p. are as conspicuous a commercial failure as are six-cylinders under 15-h.p. The exceptions in the latter, he said, are famous—and expensive. That was his opinion, not mine, and I

only give it because he is a man of wide experience and wider views. Further, he endeared himself to me by pointing out that only a very few car-designers ever drive or are driven in their own brain-products. This I have always suspected, being quite unable otherwise to account for the remarkable faults which are to be found in some of the very latest 1929 models, just as they were in the last word in 1909 marvels.

The Charm of the "Eight."

You might think, from all this penny-wise grumble, that I was urging readers of *The Illustrated London News* not to have anything to do with "Eights." I am doing nothing of the kind. Some "Eights" are delightful cars, irrespective of their performance compared with other types, and, if you are looking for certain characteristics generally supposed to belong to the luxury sort of car, and do not want to pay extravagantly for it, they will give them to you. I know of one or two which may justly be described as among "The Nicest Cars in the World." They are as efficient as certain "Sixes" of the same calibre, and they are rather dearer, but they have delightful manners, which they owe to their eight cylinders, whether they are set in line or inclined.

The Hupmobile.

One of these is the new 29-h.p. Hupmobile, for example, a car which it is a real pleasure to drive, and I am not always greatly attracted by American design or driving ways—by which I mean, of course, the two-gear trick, "top" to be held on to until the last moment, because, as a rule, second is too low-gear and apt to be noisy. The Hupmobile has a second speed which can be used, if you like, almost as often as the third of a four-speeded car. You need not do it, of course, as those eight cylinders, with their bore and stroke of 76 by 120, have a great deal up their sleeve in the way of real flexibility, and that in spite of the fact that the top speed gear-ratio is as high as 4 to 1 in the enormous two-seater which I tried. But if you feel inclined to drive European fashion on a tricky road, with plenty of hills and sharp corners necessitating frequent slowing down, you can do so in comfort.

Some Good Points.

Outwardly, the Hupmobile engine bears a strong family resemblance to most others of its class and price, except that it is rather better finished than the majority. It is suspended at four points, and, so far as I was able to judge, is really well balanced.

All the usual American gadgets are found, including an air-strainer and radiator-shutters. These are thermostatically controlled, and there is a temperature-indicator on the instrument-board. All the components are unusually accessible. I was a good deal taken with the induction manifold, by which the four central cylinders are fed independently of the two end pairs, from a duplex type of carburetter. Wire, disc, or artillery wheels can be fitted without extra charge. The advance and retard of the ignition is semi-automatic, which means that it advances and retards itself enough for most occasions, but that the steering-wheel control gives a bigger advance when you want it.

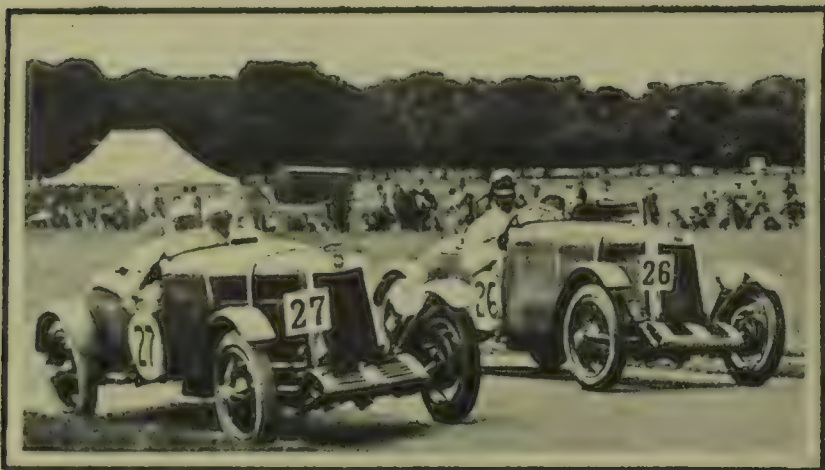
It is Almost Noiseless.

The Hupmobile will do somewhere about seventy miles an hour, and its comfortable cruising speed is about fifty. At this gait the car drives itself, and you begin to see why people will buy "Eights," even if they are often beaten by "Sixes." The engine makes very little noise up to about fifty-five or so, and none to complain of at its limit. At a crawl or idling at a standstill it is practically inaudible. There is so little crank-shaft vibration that it is almost imperceptible. The engine is full of life, and the pick-up and subsequent acceleration are excellent.

Gear-changing is easily and noiselessly done, and the central gear-lever is sensibly long and placed in exactly the right position for comfort. The pedal-operated brakes are smooth and powerful, but the hand-brake is not of much use for anything beyond parking. The steering is rather low-gear, but it is very light and steady. All the controls of this car are, in fact, exceptionally light. It is a car in which one should not get tired for many hours. This is partly due to the excellence of the bodywork, its seating design no less than its comfortable upholstery.

Its Excellent Body.

The big two-seater, which holds four very comfortably indeed—two in the dicky—is one of the best bodies of its type I know. There is any amount of room for everybody, and once you are in you find yourself driving for hour after hour without the slightest desire to shift your position. You are held in place, suspended, perhaps, would be the truer description. It is one of the most sensible long-distance touring cars I have yet driven. The price is £685, that of the saloon being £675. It is not much to pay for such pleasant road-manners. JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XLIII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

THE HYDROFOIL BOAT.

(Continued.)

IN the foregoing articles on this type of vessel, I have tried to show it no favour in comparison with other types, though I admit I look on it as superior in many ways if it is properly designed. I am



IN THE M/Y "STELLA POLARIS": THE DINING-ROOM, WHICH WILL ACCOMMODATE 198 PASSENGERS AT ONE SITTING.

On November 2, the luxuriously fitted motor-yacht "Stella Polaris," of the B. and N. Line Royal Mail, will set out on a unique pleasure cruise of 24,000 miles, lasting 106 days. Not only will her fortunate passengers avoid the European winter, but, voyaging in a vessel solely fitted for pleasure cruising, they will visit the Riviera, Egypt, Ceylon, the Philippines, and the Far East, returning by Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, Port Sudan, Naples, and Monaco. The itinerary has been specially selected to ensure, as far as possible, calm seas and good cruising weather. The "Stella Polaris" is a 6000-ton ship propelled by Diesel motors, and fitted with every possible convenience and comfort.

prepared to be cross-questioned on this statement by anyone who may be interested; meanwhile I will go further and say that I consider it faster, more seaworthy and stable than any fast craft that I know.

Proof of this lies in a trial which was carried out ten years ago with a vessel that constituted the first serious attempt at producing a seaworthy boat

of this sort by the late Dr. Graham Bell. The boat was a beamy vessel and 60 ft. long; she had two engines, developing 380-h.p. each at 1525 r.p.m., which drove a couple of air-propellers that had been designed for an aeroplane and which were in consequence quite unsuitable for the purpose. The weight of the boat was approximately 11,500 lb. so that she averaged 15 lb. weight for every h.p. developed by her engines, or nearly three times more than that of a modern international racing boat. In spite of these handicaps, however, she averaged over the measured distance over 62 m.p.h., and when loaded down to 14,500 lb. her speed was only reduced by 17 m.p.h. I hope those who are interested will not attempt to construct a curve from these two figures, for they were obtained on different days and under different weather conditions. Her acceleration was remarkable, in that she reached full speed from "dead stopped" in thirteen seconds, and required only fourteen seconds to come to rest from full speed. Her turning powers were also good, for she completed the circle in well under half a minute when at full speed, without any reduction in power, and was delightfully easy to handle when at lower speeds also.

All these trials were carried out in smooth water, but she was tried afterwards in a sea with waves 3 ft. high; under these conditions she proved that she could maintain her full speed, and was more stable than any other craft of her size. Even when a weight of over 1000 lb. was placed on one side, this boat, when at full speed, had no list, and handled as easily as when loaded symmetrically. Previous to these trials, the boat had been in service for three seasons, and was by no means specially "tuned up." She was an experimental craft, in the first place, and a very typical "lash up," so the above results are all the more remarkable.

Now I preserve every authenticated trial report of fast boats that I can obtain, and spend many hours comparing them. In the space at my disposal I cannot enter into the details of how I do this, but, put briefly, I reduce all to the same weight per h.p. and the same length. I assume

that each boat is fitted with the propeller that suits her best, though I know that in many cases this is not the case, as with the one in question.

My results so far indicate that a properly designed hydrofoil boat of ten years ago was from 10 to 15 per cent. more efficient than any of the present-day racing craft that I have tried. Theoretically, 15 per cent. is lower than it should be, so there is ample scope for further advance in the near future. The existing drawbacks to this class of boat that I have mentioned in my previous article must not be forgotten, however. It would not surprise me to hear that a hydrofoil boat will take part in the International Trophy races to be held in America in September. If one is entered she will probably employ the lowest engine-power of any competitor, but, nevertheless, will be my fancy, for she will not only be as fast as any of the high-powered ones, but will be able to turn faster than any of them. This completes this series of articles on this type of boat. I regret that space prohibits me from giving more details, but I shall always be pleased to aid those who are interested in the subject if they care to write to me. Meanwhile, I myself shall continue to experiment, so hope to publish at a later date some further details connected with my discoveries.



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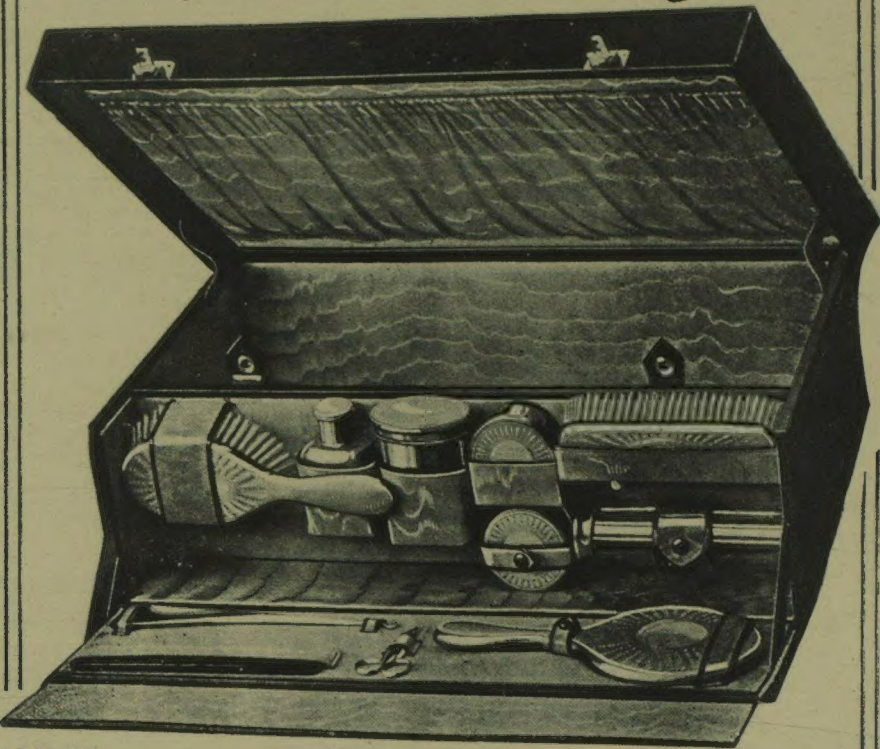


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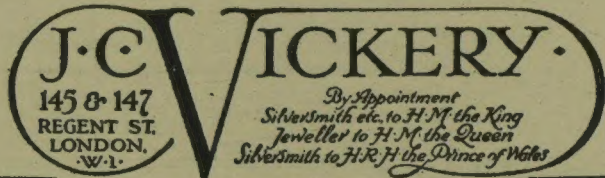
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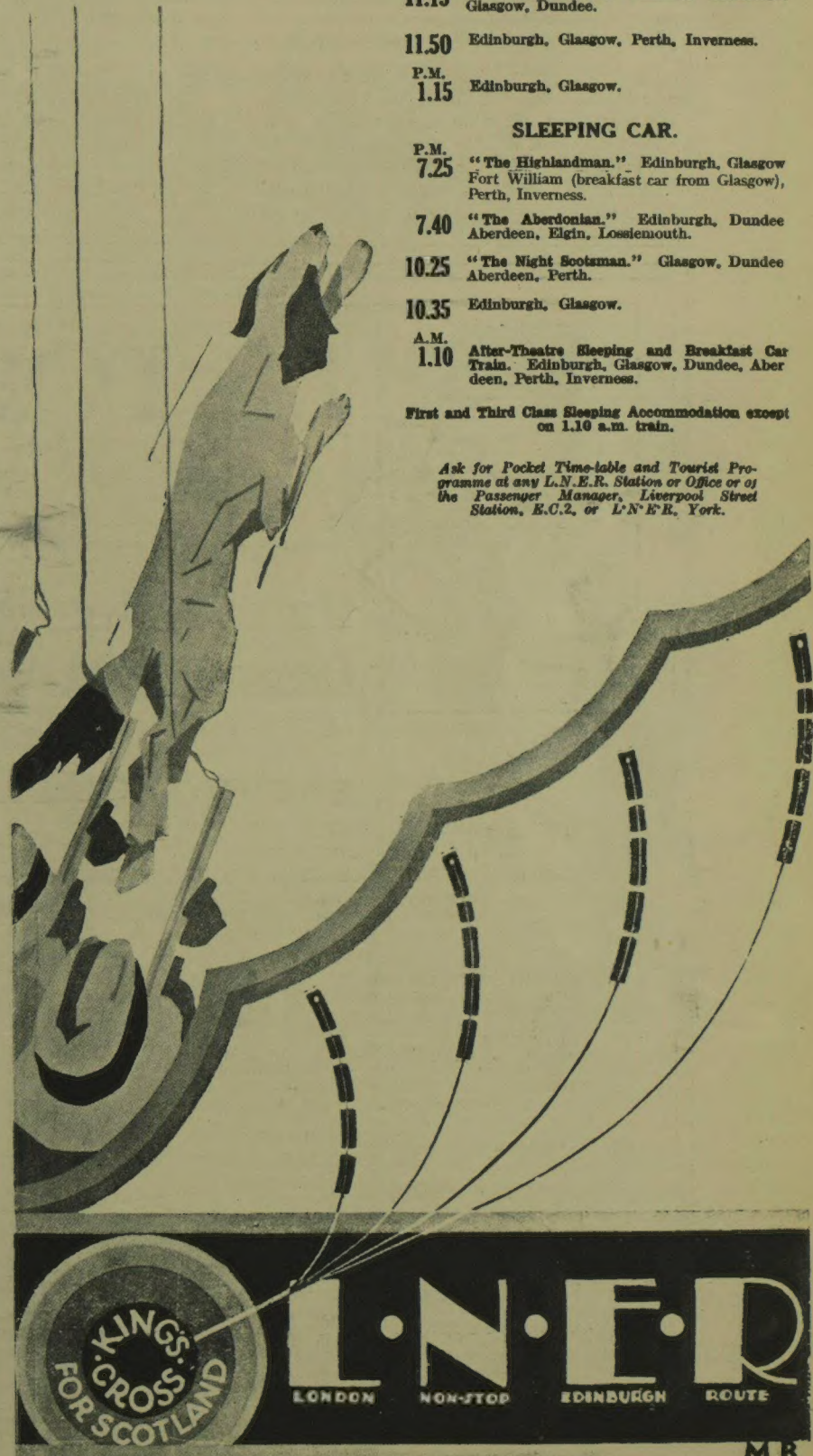
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THE PROMENADES AND THE CANTERBURY FESTIVAL.

THE usual season of Promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall will begin on Saturday, Aug. 10, and continue nightly until Oct. 5. Sir Henry Wood will conduct the orchestra of one hundred performers, and the leader will be, as formerly, Mr. Charles Woodhouse. The general scheme of programmes is much the same as in previous years, but there will be four special Bach and Handel nights, falling on alternate Wednesdays, at which Dorothy Silk, Roy Henderson, Keith Falkner, Adila Fachiri, Elsie Suddaby, and others will take part in a number of arias and instrumental concertos. The other four Wednesdays will be devoted to Brahms, all of whose four symphonies will be played, as well as several overtures, the violin concerto, and the two pianoforte concertos.

On Friday night the Beethoven symphonies will be given, including the choral symphony, and this season, for the first time, the choral section will be sung by the B.B.C. National Chorus. For many years the Ninth Symphony has only been played at the "Proms" without the final section, and it is a good thing that it is now to be given in its entirety. There is to be no alteration of the Monday Wagner nights, and Tuesdays will be mostly given up to Haydn and Mozart, with the assistance of Schubert and Tchaikovsky. The chief innovation is the decision to devote Thursday evenings mainly to the works of British composers instead of distributing them among the works of other composers. There is no reason whatever why there should not be a night set apart for British works; but Dr. Vaughan Williams has written a letter to the *Times* protesting, and declaring that British composers would prefer to have their works judged on their merits alongside of the compositions of other musicians.

I don't quite see the point of this protest, because there must be some scheme of programmes, and British music will not be judged any more or less favourably whether it is played on the same day with other music or on the next day. If, however, British musicians were to protest on the ground that they will not get as good audiences if all the British music is lumped together every Thursday, I should see some reason in their protest. I would not be at all surprised if the result of the present

scheme were not to make the Thursday attendances much the worst of the week. Perhaps it is with some serious intention of testing the popularity of British music that the B.B.C. have drawn up this scheme. But it will prove nothing that we do not know already. Nobody is so foolish as to suggest that the size of the audiences will prove the goodness of the music.

But it is never the contemporary work of living foreign musicians that British composers have to compete with. It is the classics, and beside the great classic masterpieces of music our modern music naturally does not show to the best advantage. There is nothing surprising in this; it is equally true of most of the modern music of all the other countries. But we don't collect all the contemporary music of Russia, or of Spain, or of Italy, or of France, or of Germany, together into one evening's programme. I think, therefore, it is somewhat exacting and invidious to lump together all British music into a separate evening's programme.

No fewer than eighteen new compositions are to be given their first performance at the "Proms" this year. Of these twelve are by British composers, and they include the following works: "The Dream of a Marionette," a ballet by Philip P. Sainton; "From the Northland," suite by Leo Sowerby; "Music for Orchestra," by Constant Lambert; "Suite for Orchestra," by Lennox Berkeley, as well as new compositions by Arthur Bliss, Herbert Howells, Arnold Bax, William Walton, and Lord Berners. The most interesting of the foreign compositions is a Symphonic Poem, "Silentium," by N. Miaskovsky, and a Dutch Rhapsody by P. G. von Anrooy.

The Promenades will not be the only music to be heard during August. There is to be this year a great Festival of Music and Drama at Canterbury Cathedral from Aug. 19 to 24, under the direction of Mr. Adrian Boult and Mr. Nugent Monck, at which the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and the Norwich Players will perform. One cannot praise too highly the enlightened policy of the ecclesiastical authorities in arranging for this splendid festival, which will be a boon to thousands of holiday makers in the South of England. We are extraordinarily poor, compared with Germany, in this country in summer festivals. There is the admirable Three Choirs Festival, which is held serially in Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, and this excellent institution has done a great deal for musical

education in the Midlands; but there has been nothing comparable to this elsewhere in England; and, admirable as the Three Choirs Festival is, it has become somewhat stereotyped in its programmes. Although classic compositions such as Haydn's "Creation" or Handel's "Messiah" ought never to be dropped out of the repertory, they lose a great deal if they are not set amongst other musical compositions in a varied programme.

The Canterbury Festival programme is splendidly chosen. There are to be four orchestral and two choral and orchestral concerts in the nave of the cathedral, commencing Monday, Aug. 19. At these concerts there will be performed compositions by Bach, Brahms, Wagner, Beethoven, Mozart, and Handel, together with English works by Elgar, Holst, Vaughan Williams, Parry, and Delius. The actual choice of compositions is also most praiseworthy; for example, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Beethoven's Leonora No. 3 Overture and C minor symphony, Brahms's Violin Concerto, and a Brandenburg Concerto together with a Bach Cantata, make a remarkable programme. The music will be varied with drama—which is an excellent arrangement, as it gives points of repose and change which are so necessary in a week's festival. The drama programme consists of the morality play "Everyman," and Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." The latter is a particularly happy choice, partly because of Marlowe's association with Canterbury, and because the opportunities of hearing one of the greatest plays in the English language are so extremely rare. There will also be a number of Chamber Music Concerts which will take place in the evenings.

Personally, I consider this Canterbury Festival to be one of the most encouraging events that have happened for many years. There is far too much concentration of music in London and the big cities. Summer festivals of music and drama are perhaps the most enjoyable and invigorating of functions, as everybody who has ever spent a week at Bayreuth or Salzburg knows. And that the English Church should lend its aid to such a splendid cause is a matter for hearty congratulation. In the Middle Ages the Church took part in all these popular festivals as a matter of course, but the blight that fell upon the Church during the past couple of centuries paralysed all efforts of this kind. It is, therefore, something to be thankful for to discover that the Archbishop of Canterbury is the patron of this most excellently planned Canterbury Festival. W. J. TURNER.



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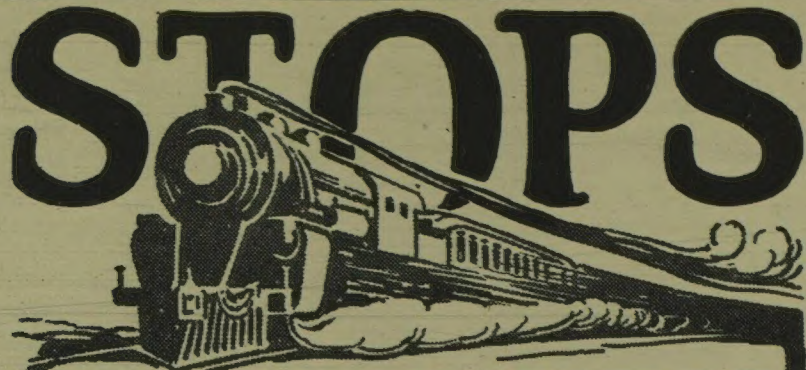
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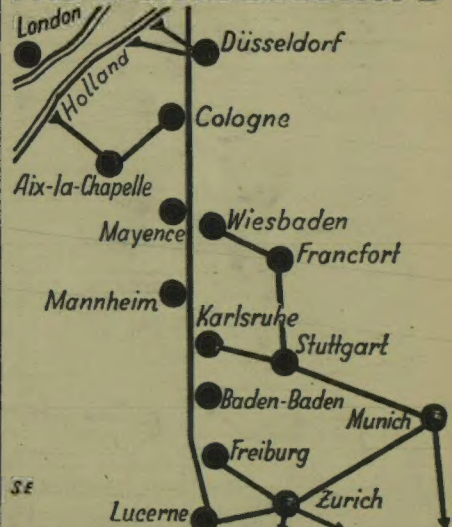
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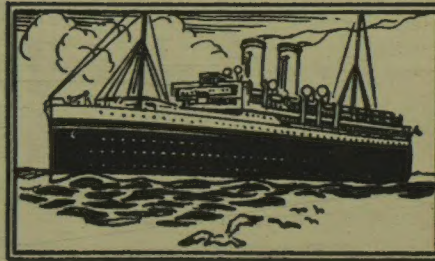
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EXTRACT Page 10

"I'VE promised. I'll never go for a walk with him again. I'm wrong. I'm wicked. But—I'll try—"

Lady Duske stood near the short, broad woman, who shook with her emotion; and then again they looked at each other. Lady Duske's cool white hand played with a pendant that she wore; a huge black opal, its changing fire rimmed in old silver and slung from an almost invisibly thin silver chain. It hung below her waist. And the companion's eyes went to the cool white hand on the fiery opal, and rested there. The opal—she'd admired it always; it seemed a part of the beauty of Lady Duske—for beautiful she seemed to the other woman. So they stood, in passionate and compassionate quiet.

Miss Ring stammered: "You believe me. It hasn't gone far. I—I—I've never let him even hold my hand. Never! Never!"

Lady Duske nodded.

"It's the first time—a—a man has ever—said he loved me. And I—I'm thirty-seven. I—I . . . it's meant so much; but of course I—I've promised the Miss Bertons it shall—END!" Again a sob broke. "Oh, as I look at you, it makes me wish I could be like you. So cool; and so good, and so wise."

"Try to be wise," said Lady Duske.

She was in the old-fashioned car, bowling along, looking at the back of the old-fashioned chauffeur who had been the aunts' coachman. She leaned back, slight, pale—colourless, Hexton called her, even while it approved and admired—her very fair hair in a very smooth wing on either side of her little felt hat. Her lips, pale too, and rather thick, quivered a little. Her excellent tweed coat folded slimly round her. She had a hand inside it holding the black opal that sent out its blue and green fires, seeming to warm her hand.

Soon—soon Southampton!



"Why haven't you let me know you better? Why have you kept me at arm's length? That first night I thought . . ."

EXTRACT Page 12

AND then, even as the cablegram's message still went through her like wine warming her veins, she heard the rap on the door; the rap gay and rhythmic—not needing to be subdued at this time of day. The door opened swiftly; shut swiftly. She was in Bernard's arms.

"Oh, at last!"

"At last!"

They listened every now and then acutely for the steward with baggage. When he came, the door was hooked back and they were standing apart. Bernard was saying: "So unexpected to see you, Lady Duske. If there's anything I can do for you . . ."

Stewards are knowledgeable but prefer to have nothing to know. He was gone again. Again the door was shut.

Again they kissed consumingly.

"It's going to be a wonderful voyage, sweetheart."

"Where's your cabin?"

"Where do you think? Next to yours."

"About the ship we'll be very formal—"

"Of course. But we sha'n't always be 'about' the ship . . . We're both at the captain's table. I've looked."

"You would be. I suppose I naturally would, too."

"Lovely girl! You look too wonderful. Your face has changed since I came in."

Her face had softened; flowered. She had slipped her mask off for him. She laughed.

She sighed: "It's been just starvation . . ."

"It was bad luck my being sent to Berlin for so long; but what magnificent luck to be sent to Washington; and to have you able to cross, too!"

"It's a year since—"

"The one and only time when we—"

She stood closely enfolded by his arms, stroking his eyebrow with the tip of a finger, smiling into his eyes, her own half closed.

"And at New York—"

"We part again—if you can't join me in . . ."

Daring, wanton, outrageous—call her what you will—Lady Duske, with that wicked opal glinting provocatively at her waist, was not a woman to look twice at and forget. Yet she was "slight, pale, colourless." But with a "beautiful way of walking," as significant as the look in her eyes when adventure stirred and love was one more head-strong cup to be drained to the dregs. Her Ladyship—and her lovers—await your admiration or contempt in "Technique," a brilliant study of a woman who knew love, by May Edginton, in the August issue of BRITANNIA & EVE.

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